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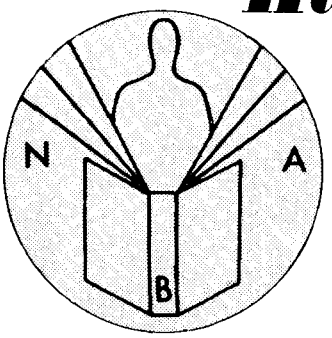

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

When Godlessness Pays Off

Now we know it, and from the highest possible authority. Isaiah said it: "and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isaiah used the future tense. But now the time for a triumphant, permanent "is" has come. Or just about.

The announcement was made by President Eisenhower on February 20, at 9 p.m. (E.S.T.) He told his people and the world that if only the present culprit is punished, peace is here, and that the institution designed to maintain peace is here too. This institution, if we understand it correctly, is what Hegel might truly have called the embodiment of ethics or the absolute idea. Its laws are to be obeyed—or just about. The President repeated the name of that institution fifty-three times during his twenty-two-minute speech. Never in its short but tumultuous history has the United Nations been the object of such fealty, both quantitatively and qualitatively.

The way to achieve the eternal dream of mankind seems to be, according to what we have heard and read, astonishingly simple. The *status quo* among nations must be maintained, and, above all, no force must be used—ever. The unlawful, and therefore punishable, use of force can be detected whenever the users of force wear a uniform and advance in some kind of a military formation. When this happens, the U.N.—preferably the General Assembly—is alerted, a resolution is debated and voted, and the aggressors are told to go back where they came from. Should they be slothful in complying, then a so-called police force is set up, a symbolic army which is actually supposed not to fire or be fired upon.

Within the General Assembly of the U.N. our country, we were told, is quite ready and happy to play its role. Every course of action we may suggest, every promise we may make, has to be subjected to the vote of the seventy-nine other nations.

THE WHOLE SCHEME is so extraordinarily simple that one wonders how mankind managed for so long not to stumble upon it. As it is with everything human, there are a few bugs to be gotten out of the thing.

The President could not have been more emphatic or insistent in his condemnation of force as a means of settling international disputes. Yet the Eighteenth Amendment has taught us what the results of any drastic prohibition can be—particularly when what is prohibited has been in use for quite a while. Some prospects are unquestionably disturbing: for instance, that warfare may be, as the saying goes, driven underground, may be fought by gangs rather than by armies, and with no respect for the traditional soldierly honor.

It is reassuring, however, to know, and from such an authoritative source, that moral means will prevail at the U.N.—at least among member nations of high moral standards. Here is probably the worst bug. For, we fear, there is the danger of a duality of moral criteria in the United Nations. Member states that are very big or very powerful, or impervious to moral pressures, or godless, are immune from its strictures or sanctions.

Certainly the President was right to deprecate "atheistic despotism." Yet, if we look at Hungary and Soviet Russia, we don't know how the conclusion can be escaped that "atheistic despotism" pays off. One can almost see the godless Communists chuckle: It serves the Jews, those peddlers of godliness, just right, they must be saying.

The President himself, while campaigning for re-election, said: "We cannot—in the world, any more than in our own nation—subscribe to one law for the weak, another law for the strong; one law for those opposing us, another for those allied with us." We cannot, he said then. But now it looks as if there were two laws and that we are choosing the harsher one to impose on a weak nation that happens to be on our side.

MUCH as we would like to, we just cannot rejoice at the good tidings the President has brought us. Perhaps his speech can be attributed to the languor still prevailing in Washington that our editorial describes. But certainly we would be much happier if that speech had never been made.

Some Peachy Ideas

It is not always easy to tell the proceedings of the Georgia Legislature from the finale of one of those Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas in which the comic heavy comes up with an ingenious last-minute twist that unravels all knots and enables the principals to live happily ever after. The lawmakers in Atlanta have just hit upon a pair of devices that can miraculously take care of the Supreme Court, wipe out all civil-rights legislation since Appomattox, and enable the Peach State to adjust in its own way to the Emancipation Proclamation.

First the Georgia senate discovered, in a blinding revelation, that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution don't really exist because the Congresses that proposed them were "improperly constituted." Scrap them, it urges the present Congress. At one stroke the country will be rid of Negro citizenship, the troublesome "due-process" clause, and the whole nightmare of civil rights. A few days later, anticipating perhaps

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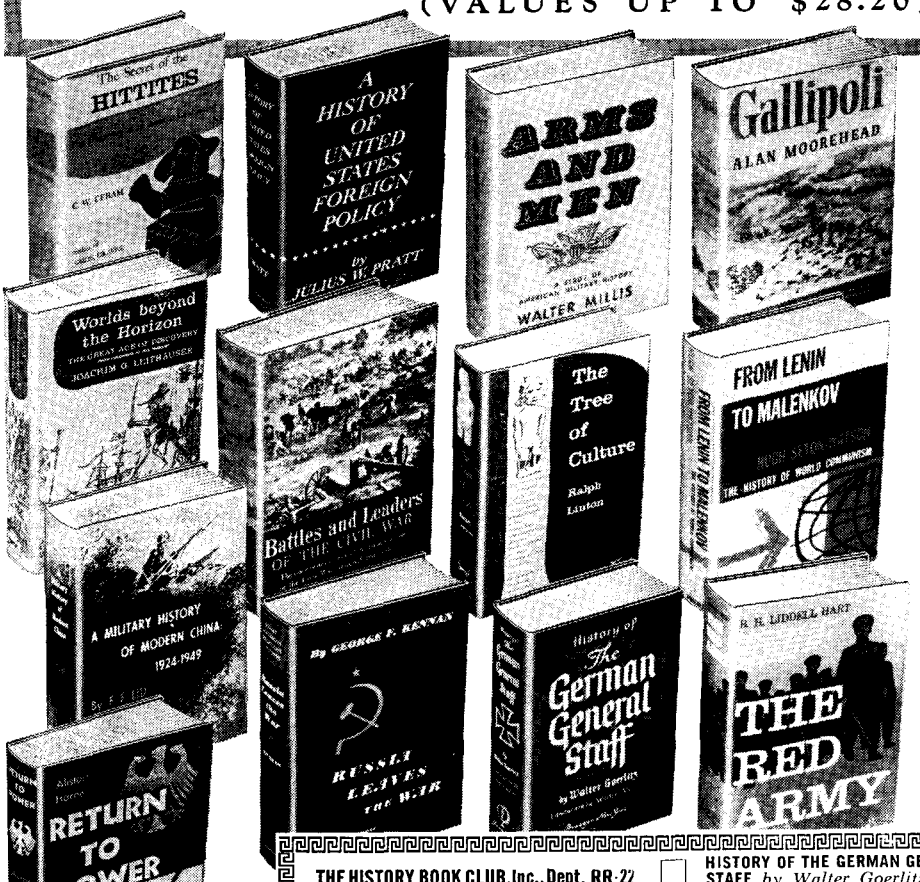
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that the Supreme Court might not join with David Lawrence in accepting this reconstruction of Reconstruction, Georgia's lower house requested the impeachment of six of the nine Justices for "high crimes and misdemeanors."

Distributing crimes for all, the legislators found Justices Frankfurter, Douglas, and Black guilty of helping or taking "awards of money and things of value" from "Communist-front" organizations like the N.A.A.C.P. and the Sidney Hillman Foundation. Frankfurter, Reed, Clark, and Chief Justice Warren were charged with "specious" reasoning in their opinions and with having "usurped powers reserved to the states," judicial crimes that presumably are now reversed by Georgia's representatives sitting as a Court of Ultimate Review.

Perhaps it is foolish to debate with the legislators when one of their own number suggested, "We're making ourselves ridiculous before the world." We think he is right. But who ever said that absurdity is necessarily self-defeating?

The Double Life (Cont'd)

Preparing for West Germany's coming Federal elections this fall, the parties behind Chancellor Adenauer are taking their stand on the maintenance of Bonn's ties to NATO as a *sine qua non* for German reunification, while the opposing Social Democrats are ready to bargain this away in order to achieve the all-German goal. At least that's how it appears on the surface.

In its January 10 issue, *The Reporter* published an article ("The Double Life in Washington and Bonn") presenting indications that underneath our all-out support of Adenauer and *his* all-out support of NATO, impulses were at work in both capitals toward a modification of these positions with a view to a general settlement for Germany. Outwardly, Adenauer's coalition went on preserving an almost united front. But how close to the Chancellor's own seat these second or alternate thoughts were now coming was confirmed late in February when his Minister of Defense and party colleague, Franz Josef Strauss, a powerful operator understood to be grooming himself for the succession at Bonn, published an article on Germany's future that sounded half Socialist, half Bismarckian, and altogether out of line with his aging chief's ideas.

Strauss's theme, as the man in charge of raising and organizing the long-awaited German Army as a component of NATO, was that his country should play from a position of strength and not "automatically" ally itself with NATO. Nobody in Bonn's governing coalition, he asserted frankly and disarmingly, actually held the view that a reunified Germany should necessarily play this role. On the contrary, German strength—something that America has been particularly bent on restoring with dollars and military support—should be used as a bargaining lever between East and West, Germany remaining independent of both. "Germany must be so indispensable to its western friends and so respectable for the potential enemy that both sides would find it worth while to talk with Germany," he said. In other words, let both sides bid for our benevolence, when aware of our new-found Teutonic power.

In justice to Defense Minister Strauss, it should be reported that he regards his present suggestions as purely "theoretical." But ever since the time of Hegel, German theory—no matter how impenetrable—has had a surprising way of converting itself into German practice.

Blue Monday, Cold Wednesday

The James M. Vicary Company, a market-research firm, has been trying to find out why some theater audiences are cold and some are warm toward the same play or musical comedy at different times, and a number of actors and actresses have obliged them by rating the relative temperatures of their respective audiences over a two-week period.

It is hardly surprising that the greatest warmth was generated on Friday and Saturday nights: The assurance of morning sleep has a euphoric effect on most of us drudges. Nor is it remarkable that Monday night favors only comedy. But the conclusion that Tuesday is cool to drama and Wednesday to musicals revives in some of us youthful attitudes toward the days of the week—not as colorless parcels of time but as seven quite different emotional stages, like bands in a spectrum.

Sunday was white, turning gray with foreboding (school or work) after five.

Monday was a shrunken day, a dark gray entity, devoid of hope.

Tuesday was a lighter gray: You had survived Monday and faced the world.

But Wednesday was merely beige and formless—the middle of the week; warming only toward evening in faint anticipation of the infinitely preferable Thursday.

Thursday, dear chap, broke the back of the week: The worst was over, light flooded in, the heart rose.

Friday was flame-color. No matter what happened on Friday, Saturday was waiting. And Saturday night was quite clearly the reason for existence.

This is probably no help to Mr. Vicary and his audience problem, but it might serve as one indication of the latent brotherhood in man.

ON CHARLES VAN DOREN

Eggheads, it seems, have come into their own:
They now make money like the rest of us,
And memory of what a mind has known
Becomes a profitable omnibus.
A teacher's a tycoon if he can name
A naval battle date or Priam's wife,
The library is premise for acclaim,
And blessed is the intellectual life.
The scholar, once resigned to solitude,
Can thank the fortunes of this gifted youth
That he need suffer, for exactitude,
Only the isolation of a booth,
Where he must flex, for millions in his thrall,
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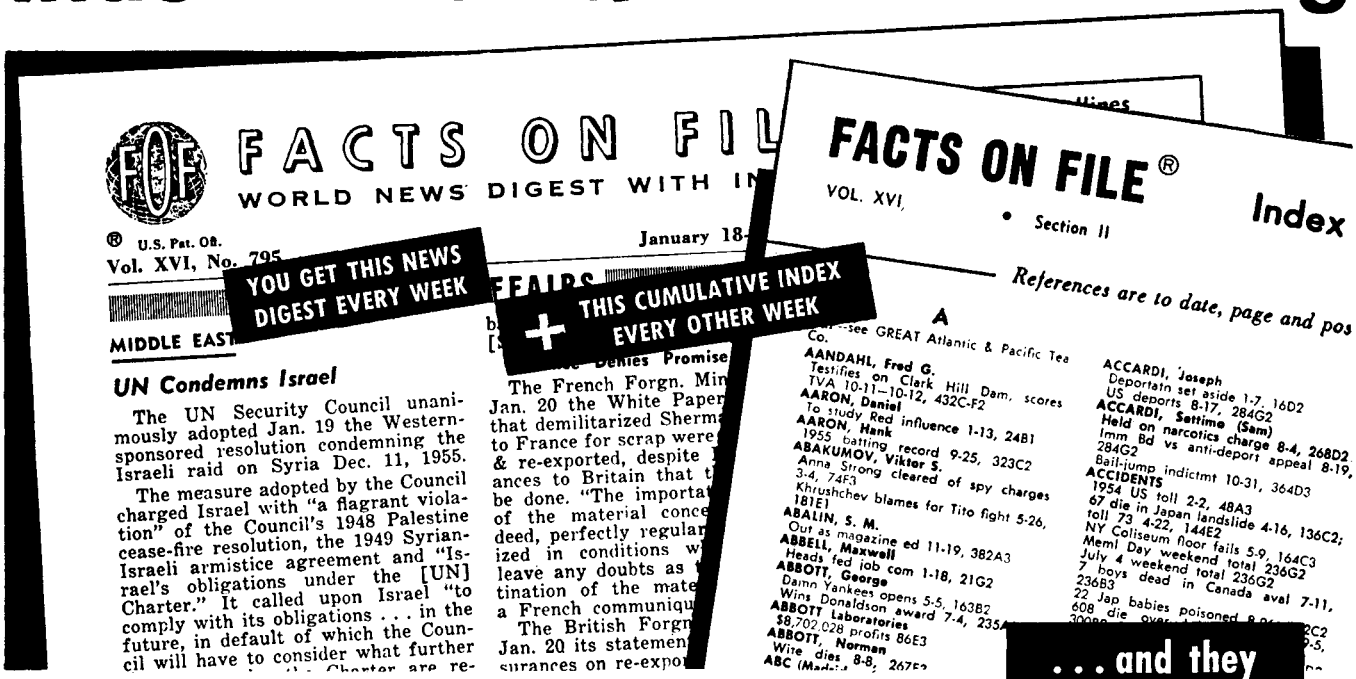
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The measure adopted by the Council charged Israel with "a flagrant violation" of the Council's 1948 Palestine cease-fire resolution, the 1949 Syrian-Israeli armistice agreement and "Israel's obligations under the [UN] Charter." It called upon Israel "to comply with its obligations . . . in the future, in default of which the Council will have to consider what further
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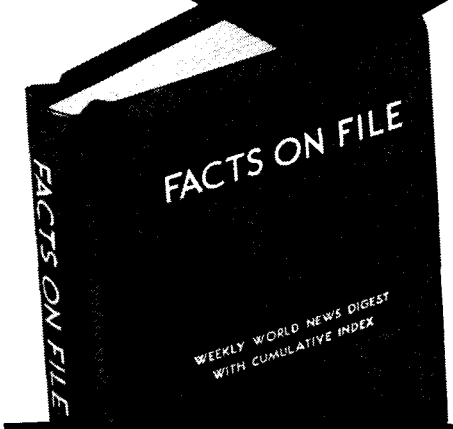

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CORRESPONDENCE

HOFFA

To the Editor: You have done a great and courageous service in printing Paul Jacobs's admirable study of James Hoffa and the Teamsters (*The Reporter*, January 24 and February 7). Our modern men of power are by no means all corporation heads and it is important that we should know who they are and how they work. The more one believes in the necessity of labor organization, the more must one deplore the kind of labor unionism for which Hoffa has stood.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York City

To the Editor: The paragraph on the proposed loan of $400,000 by Hoffa to the ILA is misleading. Actually the deal never went through. According to report, George Meany was determined to suspend the Teamsters on the issue. Dave Beck did not show up for the Executive Council meeting.

WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J.
St. Peter's Institute
of Industrial Relations
Jersey City

To the Editor: The article on the Teamsters is indeed most interesting, and I think very fair. I believe this is an organization with great potential strength for good, but with the exception of people like Harold Gibbons, I am not sure that they have fully realized their public responsibility.

JAMES ROOSEVELT
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Paul Jacobs's "The World of Jimmy Hoffa" highlights what is becoming more and more evident. Unions need much more Federal regulation than they've been getting.

What is needed now is a Federal commission, such as exists in other fields, backed by a law powerful enough to usher the gangsters and racketeers right out of the "labor business."

DONALD C. SKONE-PALMER
North Hollywood, California

DOGS

To the Editor: In your issue of December 27, E. E. Edwards reviews with loud applause the recent book by W. H. Whyte, *The Organization Man*. The burden of the piece is that we should all go underground in seeming conformity in an age of conformity, and alas for individuality.

This current hue and cry among liberals for freedom from social restraint appears increasingly sophomoric, and constitutes something of a form of mediocrity of the thought process in its own right. Mr. Edwards will have to go a long way to demonstrate that a susceptibility to social pressure is a newfound ailment in the body politic. Was the small-town businessman of the last generation, for example, really able to express his convictions? To me, it is a nice question whether, unlike the modern corporation employee, he did not have to bow to the whims and prejudices of every potential customer who heard him speak. Is the tendency of people to pretend that what they have to do is what they want to do a new phenomenon in the twentieth century? Machiavelli noticed this a long time ago.

The voices in the wilderness of cracked Martini glasses may do all the moaning they wish, but there are a few fundamental facts about which they have no choice at all. One is that with increase in population size and interdependence, larger and larger agglomerates adequately co-ordinated have greater survival value. In such agglomerates, bureaucratization is the only feasible, rational administrative pattern. The prices paid for this in human values are not so high as under some other systems, so this is the way the world tends.

On one point I heartily agree with Mr. Edwards: The world is obviously going to the dogs. The point at issue would appear to be whether we really know where the dogs are. I don't, and I don't think your reviewer does, either.

NORMAN POLANSKY
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

To the Editor: I found that E. E. Edwards's review of William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man* set a new standard in quality of reviewing social-science materials.

WILTON S. DILLON, Director
Clearinghouse for Research in
Human Organization
New York City

TEXAS

To the Editor: I read with great interest your "Note" on the Senate race in Texas, "All Eyes on Texas" (*The Reporter*, February 21). I was somewhat surprised that you made no mention of the candidacy of Judge Ralph Yarborough. Furthermore, in my opinion and in view of the state-wide Beldon Poll, you greatly overrated the chances of the Republican candidate.

The Pool bill, which attempts to set up a primary and a runoff for the Senate seat, is nothing more than another attempt by the Shivers-Daniel-Dixiecrats to defeat Ralph Yarborough and elect one of their ilk, in this case Martin Dies. As you probably know, Republicans and Dixiecrats have been voting in the Democratic primary in Texas for years and nominating Republicans and Dixiecrats on the Democratic ticket. The Pool bill is designed to let them do this again in the Senate election.

DAVID L. SHAPIRO
Austin, Texas

BRITAIN

To the Editor: Difficult as it may be for some of us to understand America, I gather from the *Reporter* issues I have so far received that it is equally difficult for some of your people to understand us.

I am most anxious that the contribution in your issue of December 27 by Graham Hutton should not be regarded as an "average Englishman's view." Mr. Hutton, on the basis of the latest Gallup Poll, would appear to speak for less than half his fellow countrymen. Whatever may have happened under the stress of the beating of the war drums in the "patriotic" press to give the "rocketing rise" for Mr. Eden which Mr. Hutton cites, the latest Gallup Poll I have seen, published January 16, shows that if a general election were held now, the Labour Party would be returned to office.

BERNARD HENRY
Ruislip, Middlesex
England

CALIFORNIA

To the Editor: Mary Ellen Leary's article ("The Two-Party System Comes to California," *The Reporter*, February 7) was a tip-top combination of a newspaper's timely reporting and a political scientist's factual lecturing. There was one major error in it, however, and it was made in the title. The wording "*Comes* to California" indicates a *fait accompli*. "*May Come* to California" would be more like it.

EDWARD H. GUYOT
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Mary Ellen Leary's article is mostly hooey. There are more Democrats than Republicans in this state, but we have elected the Republican candidate because, even though he is both objectionable and a Republican, the Democratic candidate has been intolerable.

HELEN TOWER
Berkeley

To the Editor: The article by Miss Leary on California politics is factually correct in the main. However, there is one startling misstatement: ". . . businessmen of a community banding together on a nonpartisan basis to search for candidates, as they did in Whittier in the quest that sent young Richard Nixon to Congress."

The facts were that Whittier had a liberal Democratic Congressman—Jerry Voorhis. A group of wealthy conservatives formed a committee to select a conservative Republican who would look after their interests (oil and real estate in the main). Possibly one or two of this "Committee of One Hundred" were registered as Democrats. We have a few of these in California. But all were definitely partisan and ran the gamut from conservative to reactionary.

They selected shrewd Dick Nixon, who proceeded to get elected by insinuating, with an anonymous telephone campaign, that his opponent was a Communist. "Smear" tactics were popular in those days.

Why Miss Leary gives the opposite impression is difficult to comprehend. Is this another of the clever angles that are being used by newspapers and their writers to "brain-wash" us? Do they hope that by 1960 the odor of oil around Mr. Nixon will have turned into a halo?

RALPH B. HOGAN
San Francisco

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WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

HAIR CURLING is the fashion these days, a new look launched by Secretary Humphrey and ex-President Hoover—two gentlemen who, incidentally, are distinctly hairless. A first group of articles and **Max Ascoli's** editorial admit that we have major economic problems in our country but insist that they are a picnic compared to those which—bless their souls—harass the Russians. Russia's economic troubles are described by our regular contributor **Isaac Deutscher,** whose book *Russia in Transition and Other Essays* will soon be published by Coward-McCann. **Paul A. Samuelson,** professor at M.I.T., looks at our own economy and finds that while there is probably some inflation there is nothing to get overexcited about. Taking no chances with economic prophecy, we publish the somewhat more pessimistic view of another economist, **Ruby Turner Norris,** Chairman, Department of Economics, Connecticut College, New London, who is bold enough to suggest reasonable measures to combat the effects of the inflationary budget.

Lionel Birch, British free-lance writer, tells us about the present migratory wave from Britain. We stress the word "present": It is an undoubted fact that many Britishers are leaving home, mostly for the Commonwealth nations, but we are sure that as the end result of the present flurry the civilization of the English-speaking countries will not suffer. **George Bailey** gives us an accurate report on the heartbreaking Hungarian migration. **Senator Clifford P. Case** (R., New Jersey) discusses the President's proposals to make our immigration laws more elastic, while **Judith Laikin,** who served in our London consular office, cites chapter and verse to prove how inelastic and indeed nonsensical the present laws are. **Reinhold Niebuhr,** with his unique authority, gives his views on the U.N. and on the tonnage this precious ship anchored in the East River can carry. Our European Correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** sends us notes for a story he felt he could skip writing. **Flora Lewis** tells what she recently saw in Prague.

Kildare Dobbs's article is taken from a series of talks he gave over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. **Nora Magid** is a member of our staff. **Ralph Russell** is a free-lance writer. **Hortense Calisher,** short-story writer, teaches at Barnard.

John Kenneth Galbraith is the Galbraith of Harvard. Our cover, a view of Budapest, is by **Robert Shore.**

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This Spell of Languor

No, it wasn't Dwight Eisenhower who at his debut on the national stage spoke of having asked "the Merciful Father, the Father of us all, to let this cup pass from me." Yet the cup-passing propensity has become an integral part of the President's style. It comes from personal humility and is now, in his fifth year of office, an ingrained attitude toward the affairs of state.

This attitude is particularly arresting because the President has been giving increasing evidence both of political astuteness and of fondness for the office he holds. He is infinitely more sure of himself now, and no one can call him a reluctant President. What reluctance is left shows itself when he has to use his authority. Unfortunately it happens that the occasions when this is demanded of him have become more and more frequent for two reasons: the broadening of his horizon and the prospect of stormy times ahead.

The President sees that the responsibilities of the Federal government toward the welfare, education, and security of the citizen are inescapable, and he also sees what harm the government can do when it either fails to act or acts extravagantly. But the President doesn't quite like what he sees. He dislikes it when the governmental obligations he has acknowledged are translated in terms of requests for increased Federal spending. He loathes huge military appropriations and the prospect that the power of destruction our nation is stockpiling might be set off by some malicious or accidental explosion somewhere in the world. In this the President could not be more representative of the popular mood.

Lately the Eisenhower Administration has been relying on the General Assembly of the United Nations for major foreign-policy decisions. When this reliance turned out to be just a name for abulia, the Administration went to Congress and asked to be recognized as the Executive Branch of the government. Now, in his speech on Israel, the President once again places the burden of decision on the U.N.

Loud outcries, mournful warnings of economic disaster of some kind or another, have lately filled the air. There is nothing unusual in these cycles of wailing. But certainly there is something unusual when a Secretary of the Treasury, supported or at least not reprimanded by the President, asks Congress to slash a budget the two men have just put together. The major task of curbing unquestionably inflationary trends is left to the Federal Reserve Board—the government agency for which the Administration is least responsible.

In the private sector of our economy, the President has solemnly warned business and labor to practice self-restraint and to go slow on a treacherous road that may lead to inflation. He has addressed himself, one could say, to the General Assembly of all inflation-making interests, and let it go at that.

There is a singular consistency in our government's action or inaction. There is the same reluctance to follow decisive policies, the same inclination to get along, as well as possible, with boisterously self-centered, touchy states like India or Saudi Arabia—or Texas.

All this meekness, this indecisiveness, this passing of the cup, is so weird as to seem almost unreal. And perhaps it is unreal. This extraordinary restraint in leadership that the President and the Administration have imposed on themselves may come from a partly deliberate, partly instinctive wish to trim the sails of state before major, maybe cyclonic disturbances. It is not in our nation or in its economy that such storms can originate.

The storm center, of course, is forming in the Soviet empire. The people's unsatisfied yearning for needed goods, which here comes with inflation, is a permanent condition of the system over there. While Stalin lived, this planned, merciless scarcity of things that make life bearable did not affect the inextricably linked economic and political structure. Now something has changed, and the more those long-suffering peoples acquire, the more aware they become of their misery. This new state of things may be immensely profitable to us, and immensely troublesome.

The day is coming, and coming fast, when our state of partly spontaneous, partly government-induced tranquillity will come to an end. The President and the Administration will realize—when the time for decisive diplomatic and perhaps military action comes—that there is nobody, at home or in the international community, to whom the buck can be passed.

The present morbid brooding about a depression that is and is not coming reflects perhaps a tender nostalgia for the good old times when the things we worried about were all domestic and somewhat cozy—even a Wall Street crash and apple selling. When the real test comes, the leaders of the Executive and Legislative Branches of our government will have to shake off their languor. They will have no choice then and no escape.

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Russia: Who Shall Decide, When Planners Disagree?

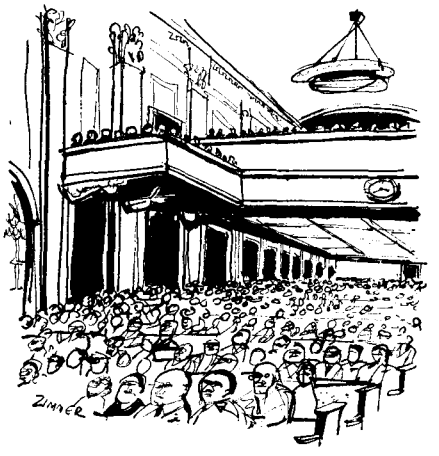
ISAAC DEUTSCHER

THE STORMS over Hungary and Egypt produced a governmental crisis in Moscow. This was to be expected. Both in Hungary and Egypt Soviet policy underwent severe tests, the results of which could hardly be regarded as satisfactory to Moscow. But neither at the Supreme Soviet, which held its session in the first half of February, nor at the two sessions of the Central Committee in December and February were these tests made the subject of public scrutiny. The Supreme Soviet upheld the pretense of unanimously approving Foreign Minister Shepilov's policy. The Central Committee carried the pretense to the point of not placing matters of foreign policy on its published agenda for either of its two sessions. Yet at both sessions the situation in Hungary and in the Middle East must have been at the center of an animated and probably sharp controversy.

Behind the scenes of the Supreme Soviet, too, rival groups indulged in recrimination and jockeying for position. However, the leaders have obviously been anxious to conceal and also to reduce the intensity of their controversies, and they have dealt with the governmental crisis in installments. The first installment was the dismissal, in December, of Maxim Z. Saburov from the direction of economic affairs. The second was the removal of Shepilov from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs only three days after the Supreme Soviet had unanimously "approved" his foreign-policy report.

Taken together, these changes in the economic and diplomatic leadership amount to a major governmental upheaval which is not yet concluded. Further changes are likely to follow later in the year. In Warsaw and Budapest there is much talk about a forthcoming reshuffle in which Voroshilov, Bulganin, Khrushchev, and Malenkov are to be involved.

What is the nature of this governmental crisis? Outside Russia the abrupt end to Shepilov's brief diplomatic career has naturally aroused the greatest interest. That the end was abrupt is clear from the circumstances that preceded it. In a régime where every Foreign Minister has hitherto enjoyed a long tenure of office, Shepilov held the post only about eight months. On assuming it



last summer, he relinquished his post as Secretary of the Central Committee. This was announced only last December, which indicates that at that time his removal from the Foreign Ministry and return to the Secretaryship of the Central Committee were not yet envisaged. The decision was evidently taken only in the few weeks, or even days, before the event. What could have caused it?

Detonation of a *Détente*

Shepilov was not dismissed as a result of the events in Hungary and of the tension in eastern Europe. He was not personally and directly responsible for Soviet policy in eastern Europe, which has long since ceased to belong to the sphere of diplomacy proper. It is not the Foreign Minister but the party's First Secretary, Khrushchev, who is directly in charge of Russia's relations with other Communist governments.

Shepilov was dismissed because he was held responsible for the deterioration in the relations between Russia and the West in so far as that deterioration was caused by Soviet policy toward Egypt. Moscow's *rapprochement* with Nasser's government was Shepilov's specific and, in a sense, personal contribution to Soviet foreign policy. At the Twentieth Party Congress in February, 1956, he came forward as a critic of Molotov's diplomacy, which he openly criticized for neglecting the "uncommitted areas," especially the Middle East. Even before he became Foreign Minister, Shepilov had paid a visit to Cairo and prepared the ground for the *rapprochement*. No sooner had he become Foreign Minister than he went again to Cairo. This was his first trip abroad in his new capacity. He was in fact the initiator of the Soviet diplomatic offensive in the Middle East. Consequently, by dismissing him the Soviet leaders have acknowledged that this offensive has ended in fiasco.

SHEPILOV may be regarded as a casualty of the Eisenhower Doctrine. He took office when it seemed that at last Russia's overtures to the West were beginning to meet with a serious response from both the United States and western Europe. He was to have been the diplomat of the *détente*, and he had some reason

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to view the prospects hopefully. But he made a fatal miscalculation. He was convinced that the Soviet Union could pursue its diplomatic and economic offensive in the Middle East without compromising or impairing the *détente*. He evidently believed that that offensive, by strengthening Russia's bargaining position, would on the contrary help to consolidate the *détente*. He stuck to this view throughout the Suez crisis. After the Anglo-French invasion of Suez, when during a crucial moment the Soviet Union and the United States acted almost in unison at the United Nations, appearances seem to justify Shepilov's confidence. The two powers appeared to behave like joint umpires in the Suez conflicts; Shepilov may have believed that the United States had in fact consented to recognize Russia as a co-equal partner in the Middle East.

In this mood of confidence, he and/or Prime Minister Bulganin badly overplayed their hand when they announced that Russia would send volunteers to fight the British and French aggressors in Egypt. They did not reckon with the shock this was bound to produce in the United States. They did not foresee that the Soviet initiative in Egypt might lead to a head-on collision between the Soviet Union and the United States.

The Old Crowd Comes Back

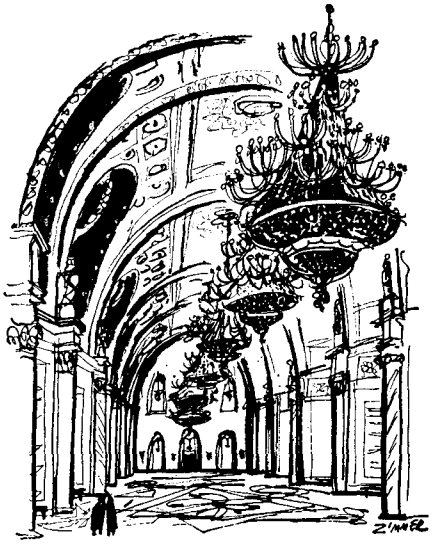
With the proclamation of the Eisenhower Doctrine this collision has become a fact. As Moscow sees it, the Doctrine is designed to keep Russia out of the Middle East and to establish exclusive American predominance in place of the lapsed Anglo-French hegemony. Hence the tone of frustration in which Shepilov, addressing the Supreme Soviet, denounced the Eisenhower Doctrine as a policy of "closed doors" in the Middle East. From the Soviet viewpoint U.S. predominance in that area would represent a far greater danger than did the old Anglo-French hegemony.

Shepilov is blamed for having provoked or precipitated that greater danger. He has been ousted by the old hands of the Soviet Foreign Ministry who had been trained under Molotov and are now led by Gromyko, the new Foreign Minister.

The career diplomats resented all along the intrusion in their domain of Shepilov, whom they regarded as a "temperamental amateur" and a blundering intellectual outsider. They have never been as sanguine as he was about the *détente*, and they were, and are, less inclined to work on the assumption of a progressive improvement in Russia's relations with the West. They also viewed with apprehension Shepilov's improvisations in Egypt, holding that if the policy of *détente* was to be pursued, it could be pursued only on the basis of the existing balance of power. Shepilov's pro-Nasser policy threatened to upset that balance.

This reasoning underlay the apparent indifference to the Middle East that Molotov had displayed and for which Shepilov had attacked him. Molotov and presumably Gromyko have held that Russia had little or nothing to gain in the Middle East. They saw an advantage in the relative aloofness of the United States from the area, thanks to which the Middle East remained largely outside the frameworks of NATO and SEATO. Britain had tried to bridge the gap by means of the Baghdad Pact, but this was an ineffective expedient, and Soviet diplomacy has been less afraid of a British-led grouping of nations than of American military expansion in the Middle East.

Gromyko's assignment is to try to clear up the mess in the Middle East. He will pursue no line of his own. He stands much lower than Shepilov in the party hierarchy, and he can be only an executant of decisions taken higher up. But with him Soviet diplomatic routine comes back into its own.



Gromyko will try to restore up to a point the *status quo ante* Suez. If, however, this cannot be restored—and it almost certainly cannot—then Gromyko is the right man to be at the head of Soviet diplomacy in a new spell of cold war.

No "temperamental amateur," he is a cold-war veteran, second only to Molotov in inexhaustible capacity for patient maneuvering, for tireless obstructiveness, and for all those interminable contests at mudslinging and pettifogging which belong to the cold war. It may be, of course, that this characterization is unjust to Gromyko. During the Stalin era all Soviet public figures had to behave in the same manner, and only now do some of them begin to shed their puppetlike qualities to acquire and show characters of their own. Perhaps the familiar Gromyko postures of the past concealed an unknown character somewhat more attractive than that hitherto associated with him. But until Gromyko has revealed such a new personality, one is entitled to think that Soviet diplomacy is now once again being led, as it was in Molotov's day, by a "stonebottom."

The Idol Cannot Be Repaired

The change in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was only incidental to the main controversy caused in Moscow by the crisis in eastern Europe. That controversy has centered upon de-Stalinization and economic policy. Adherents and opponents of de-Stalinization were and are at loggerheads once again. For the first time since Malenkov's dismissal from the Premiership two years ago, the Malenkov group felt strong enough to return to the attack and to criticize the new Five-Year Plan from a pro-consumer viewpoint.

Over both issues the Khrushchev-Bulganin leadership came under fire from different sides, and over both it had to yield some ground. After the Hungarian uprising, the initiative passed momentarily to the opponents of de-Stalinization. Shortly before the session of the Supreme Soviet, Khrushchev, yielding to their pressure, made an attempt to reha-

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bilitate something of the Stalinist orthodoxy. Such remarks as "Stalin was a great Marxist" and "We are all Stalinists" were meant not only to rebuff heretics in Poland and Yugoslavia but also to appease Stalinist conservatives at home.

But while one might have expected the Central Committee or the Supreme Soviet to elaborate on Khrushchev's latest texts, nothing of the sort has happened. The party leaders have not used the recent sessions for any new pronouncements foreshadowing a partial rehabilitation of Stalin. It is evidently too late for them to try to put their broken idol together again.

INSTEAD, the Supreme Soviet has voted for several legislative measures which carry de-Stalinization a stage further. Thus the Chechens, Ingushes, Kalmucks, and other minor nationalities and tribes which on Stalin's orders had been charged with treason and deported to Siberia toward the end of the Second World War are to be resettled in their native lands. At the Twentieth Congress, Khrushchev had denounced these deportations as acts of Stalin's cruel barbarism. By rehabilitating these nationalities and voting for their repatriation, the Supreme Soviet staged a striking demonstration against Stalinism. Once again public attention has been focused on the injustices and crimes of the Stalin era, and this cannot but stimulate still further the critical rethinking of policies and principles that is going on in the Soviet Union.

The administrative reforms passed by the Supreme Soviet go in the same direction. They reduce drastically Moscow's jurisdiction over the non-Russian republics. These reforms are inspired by Lenin's "Notes on the Nationalities." First published after the Twentieth Congress, the "Notes" were Lenin's expression of anger at the "chauvinist Great Russian" spirit in which Stalin was depriving non-Russian nationalities of their rights as far back as the early 1920's. The administrative reforms go fairly deep. They affect the judiciary and the working of the economy, and they invest a fairly large measure of autonomy in the non-Russian republics.

All these measures follow logically

from the decisions adopted at the Twentieth Congress. Their implementation now, after and despite the Hungarian shock, shows once again that the momentum of de-Stalinization within the Soviet Union itself is irreversible.

The Plan Comes Under Fire

Soviet citizens are certain to see another important symptom of de-Stalinization in the debates over the errors committed in the drafting of the present Five-Year Plan. This is the first time that the Soviet government has in fact admitted that a plan was wrongly conceived and required correction. The admitted errors consist briefly in this: The plan, it is said, was not based on a realistic assessment of available resources; it included overambitious schemes for capital investment, threatening to freeze too much capital in too many long-term construction projects, and it did not allocate adequate resources for solving the housing problem. Saburov, until December the head of the State Planning Commission, has been made to pay the price of these miscalculations.

Yet the critics did not aim at him alone. They aimed somewhat higher —at Bulganin, for it was the Prime Minister who introduced and recommended the Five-Year Plan, with all its erroneous features, to the Twentieth Congress. Since Bulganin is primarily an economic administrator and not just a "pure politician," he cannot be held blameless in this matter. For the time being, Saburov alone has been brought to book, although not in the old Stalinist fashion. With his dismissal, the coalition that defeated Malenkov's pro-consumer policy two years ago has approached dissolution. In that coalition Saburov played an important part. (Incidentally, Shepilov too, then editor of *Pravda,* was a most vocal critic of Malenkov's pro-consumer bias, and so his dismissal from the Foreign Office may also have its domestic implications.)

This, then, has so far been the visible effect on the Soviet government of the eastern European tensions. The Polish and Hungarian upheavals were at least in part brought about by the fact that the governments of those countries, following Moscow's example, had overextended their economic resources and tied them up, to the consumers' detriment, in too many heavy-industrial schemes, while the Soviet Union was not in a position to relieve their economic plight at a moment that became politically critical. This has induced the Malenkov group, after lying low for nearly two years, to return to the attack.

Industry or Houses?

The attack, it seems, is still on, and its final result must still be awaited. The Supreme Soviet was not presented at its February session with any revised and corrected version of the entire Five-Year Plan, although the need for such a revision had been admitted. It had before it the amended plan only for the year 1957. The corrections were in the nature of a compromise between the opposed views. The principle of priority for heavy industry was upheld. It is a principle that can hardly ever be disavowed entirely and in earnest, for in the economy of any great industrial power, heavy industry of necessity enjoys a certain priority. But some of this year's targets have been reduced, although not drastically.

The chief "correction" consists in the attempt to avoid the freezing of resources in too many new and

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long-term construction jobs and in the concentration on completion of industrial projects already under construction. This need not necessarily slow down for good the tempo in heavy industry, but it may free resources for the building of more houses. The importance of this problem is illustrated by a recent disclosure that nearly two-thirds of all Soviet capital investment goes at present into long-term construction projects. (In the 1930's the proportion was nearly nine-tenths.) Less than thirty per cent of capital investment goes into providing industry, both heavy and light, with the actual "working tools." Under these circumstances, the competition between industrial building and housing is severe, and even a mild reduction in new industrial building may help relieve the present disastrous housing shortage. This year's revised plan provides for the building of nearly thirty per cent more houses than were erected last year.

An expansion at this rate would be an impressive feat in any country in normal circumstances. But it is highly inadequate in the Soviet Union, where the housing shortage, which is of a gravity unimaginable to people in the West, may become a source of explosive political discontent. It was over housing that the Malenkov group fought its losing battle two years ago against the coalition of Khrushchev, Bulganin, Saburov, and Shepilov, and it is over housing again that this coalition is breaking down while the Malenkov group is regaining influence.

However, Malenkov's pro-consumer policy had as its premise the *détente* in foreign affairs and a massive reduction in arms expenditure. Without the *détente* and partial disarmament, the pro-consumer policy and its advocates must be suspended in a vacuum. That is why the success of the Malenkov group has so far been rather modest despite the fact that the Khrushchev-Bulganin-Shepilov-Saburov team has been weakened and discredited and despite the growing ferment within the Soviet Union itself. The decisive question now is whether Soviet diplomacy under Gromyko will succeed in saving the *détente* or whether it will have to revert to the cold war.

Leaning Against Which Economic Wind?

PAUL A. SAMUELSON

The American economy is currently subject to some puzzling cross-currents. If you ask an economist which way the wind is blowing—toward inflation or deflation—he is likely to feel the way I used to when I was a Boy Scout. The Scout Manual said to put your finger in your mouth, raise your wet finger into the wind, and then determine which side felt cold. Invariably, to me the finger felt cold all over. So I was not surprised at a recent New York *Times* headline: ADMINISTRATION WARNS OF INFLATION/MARKET SELLS IN FEAR OF DEFLATION.

This uncertainty is a serious matter. For the Federal Reserve Board Chairman, William McChesney Martin, Jr., a few years ago revealed the secret of the Board's policies and strategies: It is "to lean against the economic wind." A commendable goal—but it does take an accurate wind-registering finger to know which way it's blowing.

The Budget

President Eisenhower led off the current debate in his State of the Union Message, warning the country in non-Churchillian prose of the sacrifices that all must make in the battle against inflation. A few days later he announced the largest peacetime budget in history. And this is only a beginning: Built into the estimates for every man to see is a continuation of the upward trend in civilian and defense spending for some years to come.

To be sure, when later in the month the President gave us his annual Economic Report, he was careful to point out that he was budgeting for a small surplus of taxes over expenditure—$1.8 billion for the administrative surplus (or "bookkeeping surplus") and $3 billion for the more significant cash surplus, which measures the actual excess of money the government takes in over what it puts out.

For years people who don't claim to be experts at high finance have heard that deficit spending is to be identified with inflation. Why, then, the current fuss about inflation when no deficits are involved?

First, we have to remember the surplus tax collections are hoped for, not actual. They are based in part on the expectation that our gross national product will expand considerably in the next eighteen months, and many doubt that there will be such an expansion unless inflationary prices swell the total.

Second, economists have learned that inflation and deflation cannot be identified so simply with deficits or surpluses. The historical record gives many years in which prices rose even when there was a balanced budget with a surplus to boot, as during the Truman Administration in 1947, and other years when deficit spending went together with steady or falling prices, as during the Hoover Administration.

To see that this is no accident, examine the following case: Let the government hire more men and give private industries orders enabling them to hire more men and machines; and suppose that the government pays for this fully out of taxes, printing no new money and selling no new bonds to banks or the public. Then, if all plants and manpower are already fully employed, the new government demand for more and more plants and manpower inevitably will push up prices and wages. This is no hypothetical case, as we learned during and after the Second World War.

Finally, note that there are jokers in the pack. One-third of the surplus the Administration is figuring on goes up in smoke if Congress refuses, as it has so many times in Eisenhower's previous term, to raise postal rates—this time from three to five cents instead of just to four cents.

Still, if you were drawing up the

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balance sheet of events that make for inflationary pressure and those which make for deflationary slump conditions, you'd probably have to put the budgetary outlook into the first of these two columns.

The Guessing Game

At the moment many Americans are feeling a slight case of the jitters over business. This is almost a game with us. Will prosperity last? Won't it? Will it? Like children who savor the delicious fear of conjured ghosts in whom they but half believe, we seem to enjoy looking for trouble. In the gigantic American economy you can find everything you look for. Here are some items.

¶ Car sales seem rather weak. Maybe we shall buy not much more than six million passenger cars instead of the nearly seven million earlier expected by the optimists. Last year the total fell below six million, which seemed disastrous enough to the manufacturers and car salesmen.

¶ The number of residential housing units put into construction continues low. This year it could dip below one million, which would be a ten per cent drop from the already depressed rate for 1956.

¶ General Electric has postponed four different plant expansions. TV sets just aren't selling. Even General Motors, man's noblest achievement thus far, has cut back on its plans to build new factories in California and Ohio. Do these straws in the wind indicate that the McGraw-Hill and SEC-Department of Commerce surveys of higher 1957 business investment will turn out to be over-optimistic?

¶ Railroad carloadings and paperboard production for shipping and crating, both of which are supposed to be good indicators of current business activity, have tended to be weak since the end of last year.

¶ In January, employment fell by 1.7 million from the December level. Most of this was seasonal. But unemployment did rise by nearly half a million, and even the number of unemployed who receive state unemployment compensation is up a little.

¶ Credit continues tight and expensive. You won't find it easy to get a mortgage these days—certainly not one at a low interest rate and with a low down payment. Out West some people are paying as much as twenty-five per cent per year for second-mortgage money. Even first mortgages run to seven per cent in those areas.

¶ The Administration, realizing that so little credit was available to FHA mortgage borrowers at the established 4.5 per cent rate, in December raised that rate to five per cent. But such money is still hard to find. And with FHA mortgages paying five per cent, what bank is anxious to lend on a VA mortgage at 4.5 per cent? So Congress will probably have to raise the VA to five per cent, in the belief that money you *can't* get at a cheaper rate is not as good as money you can

get at a dearer one. Undoubtedly there will be increasing pressure to shift the Reserve funds behind G.I. insurance policies out of three per cent bonds and into four or five per cent veterans' mortgages. If this comes to pass, it will of course partially undo the credit tightness that the Federal Reserve Board's action has created.

¶ Since the Christmas season, business credit demands have eased a little. Bank loans have dropped more than seasonally. Government bond prices have recovered from their lows. Municipalities can borrow at lower rates; and a number of new issues went out the window nicely. The underwriters are beginning to lose that numb look.

¶ The steel industry, which had settled down for a half year of top activity, is beginning to get a few cancellations and is beginning to ask itself whether the sprint may last a few months only.

¶ Profits for the third quarter of 1956 were down, mostly because of the steel strike but also in autos. Elsewhere profits barely topped the previous year. Talk of lean profit margins and profitless prosperity can be heard in better luncheon clubs. Yet the fourth-quarter profits (after taxes) bounced back to the high level of $21 billion.

¶ A headline in a national weekly reads BUYERS STRIKE AHEAD? Examining the fine type, we find no answer to the headline's query—which itself, to some, seems rather ominous. By scientific sampling, the Group Survey Center of Ann Arbor, Michigan, finds the American consumer optimistic, though a little worried about rising prices. (I wonder whether consumer spending is as depressed by rising prices as the group surveyors keep claiming to observe.) In any case, saving in proportion to income has risen to 7.5 per cent, a good percentage point above the 1955 level, and installment credit now grows more slowly.

Reckoning the Score

I could enumerate other inflationary items, or as easily furnish a list of items that can be be thought of as deflationary. Let me simply point out that both lists have in them much double counting together with inconsistencies that cancel out. As an instance of the latter: Do the odds favor tight credit or weak? And will tight credit or will weak credit be a sign of weakness in the economy?

As to the double counting, note that slow auto demand, weak consumption spending, slower growth of installment credit, and canceled steel orders are four aspects of the same item. To be sure, any one event can have certain cumulative branching influence; but we must still remember that a variation in auto demand of ten per cent at most, with autos taking twenty per cent of steel, means something like a two per cent fluctuation in the steel total and no more.

The Moving Tape

The evidence is so conflicting that it would seem to take the wisdom of a Solomon to read the omens. Why, in the face of this quandary, don't I turn to that great mechanism that knows all, sees all, and records all? I refer, of course, to the New York

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Stock Exchange. Stock prices have been dropping since the first of the year. The venerable Dow-Jones Industrial Stock Average has declined from its peak of 520 down to current levels of around 460. Mustn't it be that the market in its infinite wisdom foresees a depression?

It is an attractive theory that the stock market has the gift of clairvoyance. But it is not a theory history has treated kindly. In 1946 the market broke badly, and we are still waiting for the depression that was giving it the willies. Back in 1929 general business conditions had turned down in summer, but it wasn't until fall that this fact percolated to the market. Wall Street is full of Solomons, much like you and me, all asking each other what it is they all are thinking. And whether or not Herbert Hoover has kept in touch with the economic realities of the last decades, his words can stampede the averages into an eight-point one-day decline and knock $4 billion off stock valuations. But it has been proved, and not so long ago, that when the market is in a receptive mood, even a professor of economics can send it spinning.

The Turn in Prices

For refreshment, then, let's turn back to the facts. It is a fact that prices are now rising and have been rising for more than a year. The fall in staples and farm prices, which from 1951 to 1955 was masked by the rise in industrial prices, seems arrested. Political events at home and abroad are hardly conducive to a calm economy or to falling price levels. Wages are rising: The unions say to catch up with prices, the employers say in advance of prices.

Having studied intensively the folkways of our central bankers for many years, I am not the least surprised that they continue their alert against inflationary pressures. Would anyone expect Dr. Winfield Riefler, economic adviser to Chairman Martin, to go before an audience and not state his concern over the "unmistakable" dangers of inflation? Would anyone expect Senator Fulbright's committee to receive a confidential briefing from the Federal Reserve Board sounding the tocsin to warn of imminent recession? Would anyone expect President Alfred Hayes, onetime Rhodes Scholar and successor to Allan Sproul as head of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, to use his maiden public speech in an *attack* on monetary control? Would anyone expect water to run uphill?

Yet even the Federal Reserve, with all its concern for stable prices, has had to hesitate. Copper prices are falling. Steel scrap prices are down. It remembers how tight money was blamed for the recession of 1953 and dares not continue too tight a hold on credit. Particularly when there is all this talk about a National Monetary Commission, and not just from wild Congressmen from the West but also from President Eisenhower and from the editor of *Business Week*, Elliott Bell. For all these reasons, the Reserve Board has acquiesced in the limited easing of credit of the last month or so. It knows it can always return to a harder money policy if the outlook changes.

Notes on Hair Styles

Until now I have been talking about facts and reasonable differences in interpretation. But this is the dull part of economics.

What has lent excitement to recent economic debates, and not just in the tabloids, has been the sweeping utterances of Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and ex-President Hoover. A new measuring rod has been added to the science of economics: Will it curl your hair, or won't it?

I refer of course to the "seminar" at which Secretary Humphrey was to brief the press on the budget. Here, carrying on magnificently in the twentieth-century American tradition of Cabinet irresponsibility, he seemed more anxious to bury the budget than to praise it. What every schoolboy knows, that our Treasury may shape tax policies but has little to do with expenditures, the Secretary has been learning the hard way. Though reputed to be the most powerful man in Eisenhower's Cabinet, Mr. Humphrey must find remarkably little going his way and himself still all too safe from Lord Acton's charge that power tends to corrupt.

Instead of following the prosaic custom of explaining and defending his Administration's budget, Humphrey urged that the trend toward higher spending "should be promptly stopped." He went on to say, "If we don't over a long period of time, I will predict that you will have a depression that will curl your hair, because we are just taking too much money out of this economy that we need to make the jobs that you have to have as time goes on."

This view, that high spending increases the probability of deflation ahead, was repeated a few days later by Herbert Hoover. Having lived through a depression, he felt his observations were especially important. In the current inflationary symptoms he could detect the beginning of another eventual depression.

Such strong views, simply stated, make news. They can also shape the news and the course of events if they change people's opinions. Experience suggests that this effect on expectations usually goes as quickly as it comes. Just as Herbert Hoover couldn't by verbal utterances find a prosperity—that was not there—around the corner, I doubt that he could conjure up a depression that was not already on its way.

I have not seen any Boy Scout finger operating reliably to show just now from which direction blow the prevailing winds. The winds shift. There are many of them. None, however, is even remotely of hurricane proportion. And not a few of them are just hot air.

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The Case For Higher Taxes

RUBY TURNER NORRIS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER came into office pledged to pare to the bone the role of government in the nation's economy. Setting as a target an expenditure level of $60 billion (as against $78.6 billion in the last Truman budget), he went to work with a will. Outlays, especially for the Army, were greatly reduced. Between 1953 and 1956 the annual level of government expenditure was cut by about seven and a half billion. Taxes were cut a similar amount. A major revision of the revenue code in 1954 slashed Federal taxes, giving substantial relief particularly to corporations and to the upper-income groups.

Meanwhile, the Republican Party was losing ground with the voters. Although Ike's personal popularity remained untarnished, in 1954 the Democrats regained control of Congress. It was gradually borne in upon the Administration that the American people wanted more Federal services—more government—not less.

A major shift in budgetary direction occurred in January, 1956. Quoting from the Budget Message of 1955, we can summarize its spirit thus: "We will increase the scope of private activity by continuing to take Government out of those things which the people can do better for themselves, and by undertaking on a partnership basis, wherever possible, those things for which Government action is necessary. Thus, people will be able to keep more of their earnings to use as they wish."

In sharp contrast, the spirit of 1956 may be sensed from the following quotation from that year's Budget Message: "For years, many activities which are desirable for fostering sound economic growth have been postponed because of the overriding needs of war and defense. . . . However, budget revenues now permit us to undertake some new and expanded programs for enhancing opportunities for human well-being and economic growth. This budget reflects that purpose." And reflect it the budget did. Across the board, there was something for everyone. A turning point had been reached in the philosophy of the Republican Party.

The Iceberg

The new budget reveals that the spirit of 1957 is the same as the spirit of 1956—only more so. The new budget is clearly and definitely a liberal one. In most categories in-

to which the budget is (rather artfully) divided, expenditures are increased. Where they are not, the reductions are for the most part only nominal.

Spending is to rise almost $3 billion—from $68.9 billion (budgeted for fiscal 1957) to $71.8 billion now announced for fiscal 1958. Revenue, on the other hand, is estimated to rise from $70.6 billion to $73.6 billion. The $1.8-billion difference—the surplus—is to be used to reduce the national debt, which would then stand at about $271 billion. Such are the grand totals announced to the country in the budget proper.

Reading the fine print, however, one discovers far higher outlays, both at present and in the future, than those made public. Programs such as Social Security and the new interstate highways, for which special taxes are provided, and gross outlays such as that of the Export-Import Bank are excluded from the budget summary proper but are included in a separate estimate known as the "cash budget." In fiscal 1958 these extra outlays will aggregate a whopping $24 billion. Numerous long-term construction projects and welfare programs slated to expand enormously in the years ahead are currently included at nominal sums. The Federal budget today, as a recent cartoon emphasized, is like an iceberg with a sizable part submerged.

WHAT of the revenue side of the new budget? The estimates are optimistic, to put it mildly. The income totals for both the personal and corporation Federal income taxes are based upon a forecast not only of continuing prosperity but of vigorously increasing growth. Congress is requested to continue the current rates of the corporation income tax and several excises scheduled to be reduced on April 1, 1957. Finally, Congress is expected to bring to an end the half-billion-odd postal deficit. About the only tax concession the Administration shows any signs of making is a minor one for small business, and even here the Secretary of the Treasury assured the press that he would cut his throat if the revenue losses exceeded $50 million.

All told, we must conclude that any slight departure on the part of the economy from high prosperity or full employment, any balking on the part of Congress on postal rates, corporation income taxes, or excise taxes, could wipe out the highly tenuous $1.8-billion surplus.

It should be borne in mind, in an evaluation of this budget or any other, that a Presidential budget is just an estimate. In fiscal 1956, the last year for which we have complete data, expenditures rose roughly $4 billion and revenues $8 billion between the first Executive message and the final facts.

The About-Face

The budget is by law an Executive budget; the President, having sent it to Congress, should presumably be "for" it. Prior to its appearance, however, he called for governmental

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(as well as private) frugality in his State of the Union Message, and subsequently he has rather openly invited Congressional committees to cut it, and, indeed, declared it to be their duty to do so if they can.

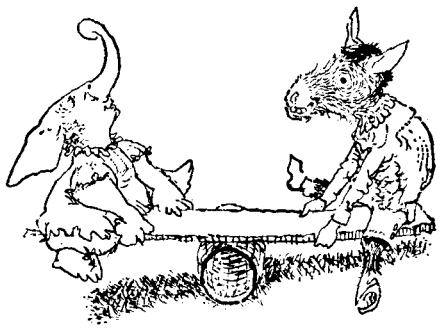
Some clues to the budgetary about-face have appeared recently in the press. The New York *Times* and others point to the fact that the booming state of the economy has caused a marked rise in revenues without raising tax rates—by 1958 it would bring in new receipts of $13.2 billion more than in 1955. A President can *afford* to be liberal when he doesn't have to go to the country for new funds. It is a political axiom that it is popular to spend and unpopular to tax; but it is not so very unpopular to maintain taxes at an accustomed level.

Another hint about the President's thinking is provided by recent comments by his Director of the Budget, Percival Brundage, who noted that as population grows it is to be expected that the Federal government will have to spend more money for welfare programs. He emphasized that with our larger private economy, the percentage of national production going to government is actually smaller than under President Truman. In 1953, the Federal government spent 21.5 per cent of the gross national product, while by 1958 the percentage is expected to fall to 19.1.

A final and rather different explanation is contained in the President's annual Economic Report, which was transmitted to Congress on January 23. In it he expressed frank apprehension over the possibility of "stronger" monetary and fiscal restraints having an "excessively restrictive" effect on the nation's economic health.

THE MOST interesting thing about the new budget is the reaction it has caused: Republicans are behaving like Democrats, Democrats like Republicans, and the Secretary of the Treasury is the leader of his President's Opposition.

Lining up behind Secretary Humphrey is a wide segment of the banking and business community. The February First National City Bank Letter follows him almost verbatim. President Ernest G. Swigert of the National Association of Manufacturers has described himself as "keenly disappointed" in the new budget. He too stresses that tax relief is essential to the growth of business and employment and deplores what to him appears to be the unnecessary rise, since 1955, in nonmilitary expenditures.



Arthur Krock, columnist for the York *Times,* is even more condemnatory. He suggests the hypothesis that until the people become better educated in reducing their financial demands on Washington, "a President, however aware and combative of the evils of inflation, however entrenched as a popular leader, cannot do more than submit a swollen budget to Congress as the 'best' he could submit but still hope that Congress will reduce it without damage to the common welfare. If this hypothesis is a fair deduction, then Congress is asked to take over and discharge an Executive responsibility for which it has shown no talent."

The Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, Clarence Cannon (D., Missouri)—obviously in an unfamiliar position—announced that he would be glad to co-operate with Secretary Humphrey in reducing the budget to what "he and we consider to be a reasonable level." He went on to state that the consensus of Democratic leadership was that "Eisenhower is spending to an alarming rate." Senator Paul H. Douglas, appearing on the television program "Meet the Press" on January 20, indicated that the budget appeared to him to be fiscally unsound. He pointed to several places in which public works could be dropped and advocated a slowdown in the mammoth highway program.

But in spite of the barrage of critical comments—from Right and Left—about the level of spending, it is to be expected that Congress will increase, not cut, the President's budget. The record of recent years is clear. Congress is controlled by Democrats, many of whom are by tradition liberal spenders. "The people" are ever ready to put pressure on their representatives to increase particular programs. The handwriting is already on the wall. Representative Charles A. Halleck (R., Indiana) reports that "For every letter protesting the level of the budget, I get ten from people who want more appropriations for some specific purpose." Mr. Humphrey complains, "Whenever anybody gets into a little bit of trouble, he immediately runs to Washington . . ."

The 'Higher-Spending' Position

Perhaps the most sophisticated support for a "higher-spending" position was given in the New York *Times Magazine* of February 3 by Leon Keyserling, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Mr. Truman. He emphasized that growth rates of the economy under Mr. Eisenhower have slowed down, and that higher government programming could correct this deficiency. He took a long look at the kind of luxurious private spending in which many Americans engage and held that the most sensible, most needed outlays were, indeed, in the public sector. He noted that the Federal government is proposing to increase Federal outlays for education from 0.04 per cent to 0.08 per cent of national production, and held this increase to be grossly inadequate in light of the demonstrated need for classrooms, facilities, and higher instructional salaries. He demanded that we put first things first.

Only a few weeks have elapsed since the publication of the budget, but one may report the following straws in the wind: Senators Lister Hill (D., Alabama) and Margaret Chase Smith (R., Maine) are clamoring for more teaching facilities for medical and dental schools; others have come out for more funds to deepen the Delaware River, more Western and Northwestern reclamation and Federal power projects, a bigger and better Air Force, more funds than Mr. Eisenhower recommended for school construction,

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higher appropriations for drought relief and for the support of depressed areas generally, more pay for Federal workers, higher farm-relief outlays, more veterans' benefits. On the revenue side, opposition to the postal-rate increase has already appeared.

Who'll Do the Cutting?

Given the trees, what shall be said of the forest? What does the new budget add up to?

In a word, politics. Everything indicates that right from the beginning Mr. Eisenhower's heart is not in this budget any more than Secretary Humphrey's is. Even in our none too highly integrated political system, a really fundamental difference between a President and his Secretary of the Treasury should lead to the latter's resignation. This has not been seriously discussed. The reason, inferentially, is that no real difference of opinion exists: Both think the budget is too high.

What we have here then is sheer political strategy. The Republicans are tired of losing Congressional seats because of unwillingness to spend. So this year and last, the new tack is to give all things to all men, and let the Democrats do the slashing. This would be smart tactics, except for one thing: The Democrats are not going to do the slashing. Nobody is.

To go out on a limb and be specific, I am ready to predict that appropriations for the coming fiscal year will be higher, not lower, as a consequence of Congressional review, and that revenues will not end as high as the Administration has estimated. Congress will not wipe out the postal deficit. The indications are that corporation income-tax and excise-tax rates will be maintained at present levels, but the forecasts of revenue from both the personal and corporation income taxes appear too optimistic. The Administration is very unlikely to end up with a budgetary surplus anywhere near two billion dollars. We'll be lucky to break even.

It is rarely easy to come up with a clear picture of the state of the nation, but this year the indications are plainer than usual. In my opinion the economic trends are inflationary. During 1956 alone, the consumer price index rose by about three percentage points—a highly dangerous situation and one that is extremely unfair to all persons with savings and with fixed incomes.

How do we go about curbing inflation? One approach of course would be to impose direct wage and price controls. The President has alluded to this and it has naturally come in for some discussion. But experience indicates that if simple over-all controls ("freezes") are imposed, they are highly inequitable and unpopular. They tend to be displaced fairly quickly by tailored industry-by-industry regulations. These are cumbersome and even more inequitable and unpopular than taxes.

Something Has to Give

Two other main tools for curbing inflation are available to government, neither of which is exhortations addressed business and labor.

The first tool is a tight monetary policy. During the last couple of years, the Federal Reserve Board has been manfully tightening credit. Although this policy may have put the bite rather too severely on certain sectors of the economy, the net effect has clearly been good.

Second, to prevent an uncontrollable boost in prices, government

can employ fiscal policy. Inflation is being brought on by too much spending all along the line. We consumers are spending at record levels, our businessmen are investing at record levels—and, for peacetime, the Federal government is proposing to spend at record levels. There is too much money chasing the scarce goods and manpower around. And so the price level rises.

The cure is obvious: Someone has to spend less. If we want to maintain taxes at the present level—that is, leave funds in our private pockets from which we can go on spending for consumption and investment—we must cut the outlays of government. If, on the other hand, we conclude that more and better highways, schools, and guided missiles are what we really want, we should adopt the radical policy of paying for them out of taxes, increased taxes, starting now. If that idea is repugnant to the American people, then let them simply give up the highways and schools. Something has to give. The manpower of the nation is almost fully employed. We cannot produce more in all sectors, and that is what we seem to be demanding.

Much has been made by conservative commentators of the ultimate desirability of cutting taxes to provide incentive to business. These commentators, to a man, are sophisticated enough to know that tax cuts today would be disastrous. Actually their own logic indicates that tax increases—not decreases—are called for at the present time. Whatever concrete form tax increases should take—and this is indeed a debatable area today—in the writer's view there can be no doubt that we should be imposing higher taxes upon ourselves. The budgetary surplus of $1.8 billion (which we have seen to be somewhat problematical, anyway) is totally inadequate. Much more than that amount should be "sopped up" and retired by government via debt reduction. Last year, the final record shows, we had a surplus of $1.6 billion and yet the price level rose about three per cent. The surplus was thus proved to be insufficient. A net surplus of three to five billions would not, I believe, be too high for fiscal 1958. It would have a powerfully bracing effect upon our sagging dollar.

Appropriate fiscal policy boils down to two things: a lower level of public spending, or higher taxes. Given a choice, I would prefer the taxes. We need the schools, the aid to depressed areas, liberal foreign-aid funds, and other welfare and growth programs more than we need personal luxuries. We cannot have both.

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The Long, Long Queue To Leave Britain

LIONEL BIRCH

LONDON

IN 1931, when Alistair Cooke and I were at Cambridge University together, there was rumored to be an undergraduate in another college who was seriously considering emigrating to Canada after he received his degree. He was thought very eccentric indeed. When, some years later, Cooke himself emigrated to the United States, I and many others of his friends still couldn't help feeling that *that* was a bit eccentric too.

A month ago in Cambridge, a careful survey carried out by the newspaper *Varsity* indicated that almost half of the 5,183 male undergraduates in their second and third years are seriously considering emigrating. More than one in ten has definitely decided to leave Great Britain permanently.

The average Briton would almost certainly have felt that the results of this survey were incredible had he not been exposed, for the last four or five months, to newspaper photographs of endless queues outside the Canadian and Australian immigration authorities' offices, and to an anxious series of editorials and features in the entire press of the country.

The British have recently been made to feel that the quantity of people trying to leave Britain is enormous. The results of the Cambridge survey started them wondering—and worrying—about the quality of the emigrants. Is Britain, in fact, starting to lose most of its best people?

Tenfold Increase

My own estimate is that the queue to leave Britain is today about ten times as long as it was a year ago. The Canadians are reluctant to give out precise figures, but they admit—happily—that there is a stupendous boom.

On the other hand, the Australians do publish figures. The increase over last year is spectacular: In the third week of December, 1955, 373 preliminary inquiries; in the same period of 1956, 3,418; in the fourth week of December, 1955, 256; in the same period of 1956, 2,665.

These figures deal only with people inquiring about *assisted* emigration—cheap passages to Australia subsidized by the Australian government. The total figures for all inquiries are probably double the above.

Nor is it a question of an urge to emigrate to Canada and Australia only. The Cambridge survey showed that, of the undergraduates who were thinking of emigrating, 39 per cent had chosen Canada, 8 per cent Australia or New Zealand, 10.5 per cent Africa, 35.5 per cent "various" countries, and 8 per cent the United States. (The United States quota for immigration from the United Kingdom, incidentally, is 65,361 a year. Yet between 1951 and 1955, a total of only 88,000 Britons actually went there to settle.)

IS THE picture presented by the facts and figures from Canada House, Australia House, and Cambridge astonishing? The whole United Kingdom press seemed to think so. So did the public. No sooner had the nation started to emerge from the stunned and confused condition brought on by the Suez invasion than it was faced with the fact that an unprecedently high proportion of its citizens was now trying to get out of Britain as fast as ships and planes could carry them.

The British have always grumbled devotedly in the past about life in these islands, but never in the past have they suddenly decided to get up and leave by the tens of thousands. Could it be that these emigrants have suddenly come to the conclusion that there is something incurably wrong with Britain? "Perish the thought!" cried most of the Conservative newspapers. "This splendid emigration boom simply proves that Britain breeds a greater number of adventurous souls than ever before."

BUT DOES it prove simply that? There were even some Conservative politicians in high places who evidently doubted it. It is a fact, not reported in the British press, that shortly before Eden's resignation a telephone call was put through to the Australian authorities here from Downing Street. Pain and displeasure were expressed that Australia House should be publishing these weekly figures. The caller also suggested that perhaps this practice might now cease. In other words, either the then Prime Minister or someone very close to him feared that the urge to leave Britain had been given its final massive impulse by the Suez disaster. Or perhaps refusing to believe such an un-British idea himself, the caller from Downing Street feared that millions of people in Britain would be tempted to interpret the motives for the exodus that way. The Australians, evidently believing that the majority of adults in the British Isles were in fact grown-up people, very sensibly continued to publish the figures.

Of course, there has always been emigration from Great Britain. In the last three centuries many millions of people have left the British Isles to settle in the United States and Canada. But never before has emigration given rise to anxious conversations in pubs and anxious telephone calls from Downing Street.

Who Goes Where

The *Varsity* survey showed that 21 per cent of Cambridge undergraduates who had decided to emigrate were reading natural sciences; 16 per cent engineering; 16 per cent

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languages; 8 per cent law; 8 per cent were specializing in agricultural courses. The common view of the last group was that farming in Britain was too "uncertain." Of the 8 per cent who were reading medicine, several gave the "restrictive" character of the National Health Service as their reason for leaving.

Canadian immigration authorities say that the kind of people they are receiving hasn't changed much since 1954. That is to say, the proportion of trades and professions among the emigrants is remaining fairly stable. Graduate nurses head the list, with draftsmen, designers, and workers in the aircraft industry close behind them. These are followed by teachers and engineers. There is also a steady trickle of accountants, doctors, dentists, and architects.

This list might seem to suggest that there is one kind of Briton who is not tending to emigrate—the regular trade-unionist whose rising earnings have outstripped even the rising cost of living in postwar Britain. The Canadian authorities agree that they have not had more than a handful of preliminary inquiries from British miners, for example. The Australians, on the other hand, declare that at least eighty per cent of those going to Australia on assisted passages are firm, often fervent, trade-unionists.

In the breakdown of people going to Australia, there are, apart from dependents who account for half of the total, only 1.4 per cent professional men (doctors, lawyers, etc.); 2 per cent semi-professionals; 6 to 7 per cent commercial clerks; 13 per cent technicians (electrical and engineering); 8 per cent workers in rural areas; 7 per cent hired hands in industry (factory workers, truck drivers, etc.); 6 per cent laborers; and 4 per cent domestic workers.

To put the figures into human terms, you can go and talk to the people in the queues outside the Canadian or Australian Immigration Buildings. During the foggy days of last December, when Sir Anthony Eden was due back shortly from his excursion to Jamaica and the British expeditionary forces were due back shortly from their trip to Suez, the line-up outside the

Canadian building often started to form at two in the morning, and several of the more determined emigrants brought along sleeping bags.

"It doesn't rain in Canada," said a seven-year-old girl in the queue. "How d'you know?" asked her brother. "I found out," said the girl. "It snows, but no rain. So there!"

If you looked down along the Canadian queue, you noticed that the predominant representation was indeed middle-class, not working-class. These were not poor people. Whatever their reasons for going to Canada, the inability to make a living in Britain was not one.

These were not rootless people—at least not technically, and they were not decrepit or decadent people. They were all keenly aware that in order to qualify to emigrate to Canada, they had to be healthy, of sound character, and able to support themselves until "established." (This cash ability can be assessed elastically at the discretion of the Canadian authorities. A bricklayer, who is likely to get his first pay envelope within a fortnight of arrival, is likely to need less than a doctor, who may take some time to establish himself in a practice.)

These were not old people, either. Among them were very few single men or women, or married couples without children. Few heads of emigrant families are older than forty. So there they now are—queue upon queue of healthy, enthusiastic, hard-working Britishers with their wives and children. Many of the men are those of the El Alamein breed. Many of the women are those who helped to keep London going as a working concern during the worst months of Hitler's bombings. Some of the men are of the kind who, as fighter pilots in the R.A.F. during the summer of 1940, made sure that the Nazi invasion armies never embarked for Britain. These sturdy Britons can hardly wait to get out now.

Suez and Prices

Sometimes, talking to them, I felt they hardly knew why. But they gave plenty of reasons. "Things being as they are" is the most common reason. What things? Well, they say, there's the price of food. That's been going up since the war; but it's fairly jumped since Suez. And then there's the price of bus fares and train fares—both up, again since Suez. And there's the price of gasoline, and the rationing since Suez.

"But did you really decide to emigrate only because of and at the time of Suez?" I asked a family bound for Ontario.

"Oh, no," they said. "We've been thinking about going for the last year or eighteen months. But when Suez happened, we reckoned it was time to shove along double-quick. But we'd likely have gone by next summer anyhow."

On the other hand, about three-quarters of the people in the Australian queue said that not only did Suez hurry them up; it quite definitely tipped the balance. But for Suez, they said, they would have done no more than think about emigrating. Most parents said at some point that they were really only doing it for the sake of the children. The children themselves are all in favor of going.

"There's nothing to do here," explained a seventeen-year-old boy. "You work hard and the money's only so-so. You try and squeeze in some overtime, and then you cop it. They don't like overtime here. And when you're not working, there's nothing to do. The pictures and the café—that's the lot here. There'll be more fun in Canada, and besides,

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over there we can dress like James Dean, see?"

"But surely, James Dean clothes—that's America, isn't it?"

"America?" said the seventeen-year-old. "That's only just across the frontier from Canada, isn't it?"

This was one of the main conceptions that is magnetizing the teen-agers of the United Kingdom: the vision of Canada as a staging camp on the road to the United States—the British teen-ager's Hollywood-manufactured Shangri-La. Most of the parents seem to feel that Canada is much the same as the States in most ways, but it has one great advantage: When you emigrate to Canada you are not taking yourself clear outside the British Commonwealth.

A thirty-five-year-old mechanic put it this way: "I've gone as far as I can go in this country, and I know what the rest of my life would be if I stayed here. I don't know what it'll be in Australia, but it'll be exciting to find out. We'll miss our friends, of course, but we'll make plenty more like them."

"I've heard the neighbors are real friendly in Australia—which is more than can be said for our neighbors here," his wife added.

"And school!" said their nine-year-old son. "When we're in Australia and we go up into the bush, we'll have lessons by radio. And then, when the teacher nags, we'll just switch her off."

The Welfare State

As regards the Cambridge undergraduates, the most frequent reasons given were, according to *Varsity*, "Lack of opportunity and incentive in England," "High taxation and restrictions," "Dissatisfaction with the government." *Varsity* reported that statements such as the following were common: "New blood is welcome here, but not new ideas. I want to go to a country where both are needed equally."

It seems likely that many of the older married couples feel the same way as these undergraduates, not only for themselves but also, quite genuinely, for their children. They believe that money worries about their children are bound to be worse if they stay in Britain than if they settle in Canada. It is hard enough for most people to save sufficient money in Britain today to send one son to a university. But supposing they did succeed in saving enough to give him an allowance of a thousand dollars a year for his three years at a university—who is to say that the fees will not have doubled in fifteen years' time, when he is ready to go there? Creeping inflation is now felt to be an endemic disease in Britain; nobody here really expects to live to see another deflationary, or even stable, period.

And then, there is the question of family allowances. In Britain, the family allowance is $1.15 a week for every child after the first. In Canada, as any prospective emigrant will tell you, the allowance starts at $5 a month for every child including the first, and rises, with the child's age, to $8 a month.

"I met a fellow from Montreal," a man in the Canadian queue confided to me, "who had banked his first child's allowance every month with an insurance company. And that money paid for his boy's first year at McGill. Not just his fees there—but his living expenses and all. That's the reason you find me in this queue," he added.

Taxation is another real reason; taxes are higher in Britain than in Australia, Canada, or the United States. But it isn't just a question of money. There is also a prevalent feeling that the nonmaterial satisfactions are no longer what they ought to be. There is no doubt that many of the emigrants have been feeling for at least two years that the welfare state has contrived to take the sense of adventure out of life in Britain. You ought still to be able to adventure inside this country, they feel; but you cannot. You can only adventure outside it.

Nor is it a political matter. The Conservative citizen feels that the rewards for success here are too small, and so are the penalties of failure. The Labour citizen feels that early socialism was an adventurous thing but that latter-day nationalization is not.

The welfare state aims to give security to everyone from the cradle to the grave, and the British public appears to approve the idea. But it also appears to feel that people should not be discouraged from taking their own risks and making their own mistakes and paying for them.

I DOUBT that Suez impelled very many people to emigrate who hadn't previously been considering that course. But for those who had been, it was the last straw. They lost no further time in joining the long, long queue to leave.

The Fate Of the Hungarian Refugees

GEORGE BAILEY

ON JANUARY 15 the "crash program" for the evacuation and resettlement of the Hungarian refugees in Austria ended as scheduled. The program, which had succeeded in evacuating nearly one hundred thousand refugees within two months, represented the combined efforts of twenty-seven "receiving and sympathizing" nations and a wide variety of voluntary resettlement and welfare organizations, including the International Red Cross and various national Red Cross organizations. The effort was coordinated by the office of the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees, the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration (I.C.E.M.), and the Austrian Ministry of the Interior.

Five days after the completion of what was surely the greatest emergency relief action in peacetime history, it had begun to assume the aspect of an international scandal.

The immediate cause of alarm to the Austrian government was that the influx of refugees into Austria threatened to continue unabated at

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the rate of seven hundred a day even though evacuation had abruptly slowed down to a near halt. Meanwhile the accumulation of refugees in Austria had reached seventy thousand. Dismayed at the prospect of an ultimate residue of refugees four times larger than had been expected, the Austrian government, backed by the national press, began a campaign of strenuous protest.

I.C.E.M., U.S.E.P., and S.N.A.F.U.

The causes of the abrupt deterioration of the relief effort in midwinter and during a particularly unpleasant run of weather were multiple and produced their effects, as if by conspiracy, simultaneously. In answer to the appeals of the U.N. Commissioner for Refugees and I.C.E.M., thirty-six countries pledged themselves to accept varying numbers of Hungarians as temporary or permanent residents. The quotas thus established were small, although four countries—Britain, France, Israel, and Canada—agreed to accept an unspecified number of refugees and the United States agreed to take in 21,500 "plus," leaving the exact number to be confirmed by Congress. By January 15, the majority of the original quotas had already been filled and overfilled, and the five countries that had planned to take most of the refugees paused to reappraise the situation, meanwhile confining acceptance to those refugees with relatives who had already been accepted.

The crucial failure lay not in the quota system but in the financing of transport. I.C.E.M., which was in charge of the great bulk of refugee movement out of Austria, announced on January 18 that it had all but exhausted its funds and that if considerable donations from member and sympathizing governments were not immediately forthcoming, its activity would have to be reduced and some of its programs discontinued altogether.

THE FINANCIAL mechanisms of international organizations are always complicated; I.C.E.M.'s is unusually so. The United States, which is the chief sponsor of I.C.E.M., pledged to give up to forty-five per cent of the total contributions of the other member nations on a continuing

basis. This commitment was originally intended to act as an incentive for other contributing nations. As often as not, however, it has acted as a deterrent, since the United States can contribute no more than forty-five per cent without further Congressional action, and often much more than that is needed. Congress is reluctant to authorize a greater contribution since it feels that this would reduce the incentive of other member nations to contribute, but it has agreed to contribute, within the ceiling, $74.90 per immigrant moved, an authorization that must be renewed each year.

Another principal source of I.C.E.M. income is the per capita contribution of U.S.E.P., the United States Escapee Program, which deals exclusively with political refugees. This contribution ordinarily affects only five per cent of I.C.E.M.'s immigration traffic, but in the Hungarian situation, where every refugee can be considered a political escapee, it played an enormous role. U.S.E.P., however, is entirely dependent on Congress for its funds, which are authorized on a year-to-year basis. On January 18 Congress's appropriation to I.C.E.M. for 1957 had not been extended, nor had the U.S.E.P.'s appropriation. It was not until the beginning of February that the Administration finally took action to provide more money. Meanwhile, I.C.E.M.'s evacuation machinery in Austria had all but collapsed.

Austria Is Fed Up

It was because of this situation that the Austrian Minister of the Interior, Oskar Helmer, had gone to Geneva. Appearing before the U.N. office for refugees, Herr Helmer stated bluntly that Austria was fed up with having to beg for every penny for refugee aid. Austria had already donated a substantial amount and could continue no longer.

Helmer also complained that the administrative ruling laid down by the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service forbidding Hungarians to enter the United States from any country except Austria has boomeranged badly. Because of this ruling, Hungarians already transported from Austria from other European countries are returning to Austria in order to qualify for emigration to the United States. (For the same reason, the majority of Hungarians still in Austria were reluctant to leave.)

THE RESULT of these appeals was the "crash program," which was designed to meet an emergency and did; but in setting one thing straight it left a number of others crooked: In large part it was a temporary, not a permanent, solution.

To quote the I.C.E.M. record, at the height of the emergency "many evacuation trains were sent to the border areas and refugees were entrained directly and registered en route." This statement reveals, for one thing, that selection procedures, not to mention security screening, were practically nonexistent. It also invites the question of whether, in most cases, the country for which the Hungarians registered (when they registered at all) was not identical with the country to which they happened to be en route. One answer to this question is provided by the Kafkaesque journey of five hundred Hungarian men who were "entrained and registered en route." When they detrained, all five hundred were astonished to find themselves in West Germany. Not one of them had the slightest desire to go to Germany or, having inadvertently arrived there, to remain. On the other hand, every member of the group had relatives in the United States and the firm intention of joining them. For the better part of a month the group was shipped from one camp to another within Germany under increasing protest. When, as a result of their agitations and letters to American relatives, the five hundred ultimately got back to Austria, they took the precaution of registering for the United States with as many of the voluntary agencies as they could discover.

But their registration was complicated by the fact that they had already enjoyed the benefits of the

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evacuation program. One member of the group missed his physical exam in Linz when he rushed to Vienna to join his wife and children, who were already processed and awaiting transport to the United States. On official advice, this man returned to Linz to complete his processing while his family went on ahead. This time he was excluded from processing altogether. His family arrived in Camp Kilmer some two months ago, and he remains in Austria without hope.

The Promised Land

Perhaps as many as thirty-five per cent of the 112,000 refugees evacuated from Austria cannot be regarded as permanently resettled. When the first-priority job of evacution from Austria is accomplished, I.C.E.M., the U.N. Commissioner for Refugees, and the other organizations and agencies concerned must turn to the task of permanent resettlement. This will take years.

Before the Hungarian revolution, an official of the U.N. refugee department stated that "every effort must be made to see to it that these people stay put. We cannot have refugees roaming the earth indefinitely." Effective resettlement—ensuring that people will stay put—is a slow, painstaking, and often tortuous process. It requires money, considerable expertise, and enduring good will.

What complicates effective resettlement most of all is the mere existence of the United States. To refugees of all types and nationalities, it is El Dorado on the one hand and political Elysium on the other. The most difficult and frustrating task resettlement officers face is explaining to a refugee—and especially to a Hungarian—why he cannot go to the United States. U.S. immigration officials in Austria will tell inquirers—this is all they will tell—that anyone can register for immigration to the United States. True enough, but his chances of being accepted if he is not a "special interest case"—that is, one with relatives in the United States—are virtually nil. More than forty thousand of the Hungarians remaining in Austria have registered for the U.S. quota. This does not represent the actual number of Hungarian refugees who desire to go there, since I.N.S. officials take pains to discourage registration whenever possible. Otherwise, at least ninety per cent of the refugees would register for the United States. As it is, if the I.N.S. continues to accept and process at its present rate of one hundred a day, it will take

more than a year to accommodate those who have already registered.

But the majority of the Hungarian refugees will probably never see the lady with the torch. Eventually most of the refugees get tired of waiting for acceptance and take what appears to be the next best chance—a Canadian, Australian, Brazilian, or some other quota. Resettlement agencies necessarily count on this eventual resignation. I.C.E.M. is a case in point. The organization was created in 1951 at the behest of and with the predominant financial assistance of the United States. Its express purpose is "to restore the equilibrium between the overcrowded and the undermanned nations through orderly migration of . . . Europeans. . . ." Its concomitant purpose was and is to divert the stream of immigrants away from the United States to underdeveloped countries where manpower is needed and desired. In the five years of its existence I.C.E.M. has moved some 543,000 immigrants (not including Hungarians). Of this number 120,000 went to the United States. The majority were resettled in Australia, Canada, Argentina, and Brazil.

THE ACCEPTANCE criteria of all countries that admit immigrants are based on the desire to preserve whatever happens to be regarded as the optimum ethnic, cultural, and religious composition. In English-speaking countries the main long-term concern is the preservation of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant majority; in South America, the Latin Catholic majority, and so on. The application of such criteria inevitably results in color and nationality bars and religious discrimination. This is an essential dilemma. The democracies are not, or at any rate do not consider themselves to be, in a position to practice fully what they preach. If this were not so, the Hungarian refugee "scandal" would never have occurred. And this is not because the Hungarians are exceptionable in themselves. It is rather because the democracies have chosen to deal with the problem within the framework of their immigration laws, which are not flexible enough to admit sweeping exceptions.

Michailov's Half-Truth

Whether or not charity is in basic conflict with justice, it is unquestionably constantly at loggerheads with what Dostoevsky once called "administrative ecstasy." It is significant that the movement of political refugees to the West always redounds to the discredit of the West and not of the East whence the refugees come. Boris Michailov, the Tass correspondent in Vienna, recently wrote an article for *Pravda* in which he accused the West of everything from slave trading to active recruitment for the Foreign Legion among the hapless Hungarians who are forced to live in squalor in refugee camps. Despite the calculated distortion, there is a worrisome modicum of half-truth in Michailov's story. Two months ago an agent was arrested and expelled by Austrian authorities for recruiting for the Foreign Legion among the Hungarians. As for conditions in the camps, an official U.N. observer recently made a report stating that "needs already exceeded supplies and there was not sufficient money to ensure the minimum requirements of food, clothing, and shelter. Even the recent effort made by the United Nations was hopelessly inadequate."

Speaking at the January 18 public meeting of I.C.E.M. in Geneva, U.S. State Department Administrator R. W. Scott McLeod described

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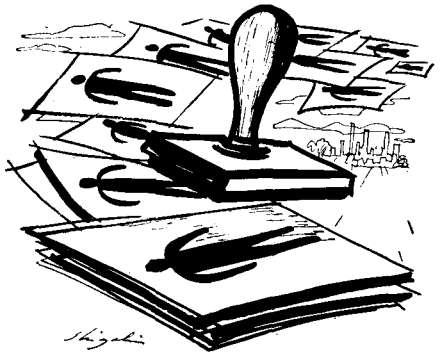
the Hungarian refugee problem as one "that challenges the conscience of the entire western world." If this is so, the answer to the challenge has been equivocal. There was a chance, beginning in mid-November when the Hungarian refugee problem began to emerge in its full dimensions and ending in mid-January when the "crash program" fizzled out, to solve the problem on a grand humanitarian scale. By exercising unflinching generosity, there was a chance to make a decisive demonstration of democratic moral solidarity. Whatever may be done henceforth in the Hungarian refugee situation, the West has missed that chance.

By January 15, initial enthusiasm and generosity had slackened to a point where the entire campaign was placed on a different footing. Helping the Hungarians, instead of being an end in itself, has become the means of relieving the Austrian government and people of an unequal burden. Worse still, the situation has gradually degenerated into a squabble among the Austrians themselves, who, among other things, are sick and tired of seeing their favorite coffeehouses in Vienna and elsewhere packed full of tenacious Hungarians. The coffeehouse is one of Austria's most august and cherished institutions. The refugees, who have nothing to do but wait, fill the coffeehouses early in the morning, buy a three-schilling cup of *espresso*, and keep their seats all day. A leisurely people, the Austrians make generous allowance for unhurriedness. But the spectacle of business reduced to one sitting of one-time payers per day for months on end was too much for the coffeehouse owners and employees. Some establishments have prevailed upon policemen to stop Hungarian-looking customers at the door and demand identification papers.

More sweeping official measures are under way: The Austrian government is clearing Vienna of the ten thousand Hungarians billeted there privately or in hotels by installing them in camps some distance from the city. This is perhaps a necessary precaution, for while there have been remarkably few incidents involving Austrians and Hungarians to date, the growing irritation of the Austrians (further exacerbated by the "Help Austria" campaign) and the increasing desperation of the waiting Hungarians might be expected to produce incidents eventually.

Nevertheless, the Austrian press is divided on the issue of confining the Hungarians to a D.P.-camp life. Even the Austrian "case" as presented by Herr Helmer in Geneva is under local attack. It is pointed out that well over half of the refugee camps housing Hungarians are operated and financed entirely by the International Red Cross and foreign Red Cross organizations. The remaining camps run by the Austrians are financed largely by international and foreign donations. Far from being martyred, some say, the Austrian economy stands to profit in the long run by the considerable influx of dollars. The Austrian Ministry of the Interior has already received a $2.5-million grant from the United States via the U.N., part of the $5 million the United States has given the U.N. for refugee relief. Finally, a spokesman for Caritas, an Austrian Catholic welfare organization, points out that every third Austrian is over fifty years of age; that Vienna, with seven to the thousand, has one of the lowest birth rates in the world; and that Austrian women still outnumber the men by two hundred thousand. On the other hand, the great majority of Hungarian refugees in Austria are under forty years of age and able-bodied, and men outnumber women.



The Security Problem

A disheartening aspect of the present lull is that a great many immigration and resettlement officials are now embarrassed by their past generosity. This is particularly true of security officers, who must now reckon with official remonstrances from home and are still without cogent policy and procedural directives. The security problem in the case of the Hungarians may well seem especially difficult and delicate. It is, on the face of it, somewhat incongruous to complain about "twenty divisions of Communist agents" infiltrating the western democracies while the Hungarian Communist government bitterly and publicly complains of the inability of its party to attract membership in Hungary. On the other hand, there can be no question that the Communists are trying to make the best of a bad business by exploiting the refugee movement to insinuate their agents into western countries. There is also, of course, the danger of criminal elements among the Hungarian refugees. During the revolution, the large prisons of Vacz and Oroszlan, among others, were stormed and all prisoners freed. But, as Austrian security officials point out, the Hungarian exodus has been "largely self-cleansing." By and large, the Hungarians are their own best watchdogs and have proved themselves more than co-operative in the detection of agents.

The U.S. Acts

For several weeks now the international relief effort has almost stood still. The interested countries were caught in a web of interdependence, each awaiting the initiative of the other. As it had to, the United States has finally reassumed the initiative. Herr Helmer was assured on February 4 in Geneva that the American government was in the process of granting as much as $2.9 million to I.C.E.M. in addition to the 1957 fiscal pledge of $12.5 million. It was also indicated that Congress was ready to increase the Hungarian immigration quota (it was not specified to what extent) and to authorize the payment of all transport costs to America. This will enable I.C.E.M. to implement its special Hungarian Program for 1957, which envisages the transport of some 65,450 Hungarians from Austria. If this program is realized, Austria will be left with an ultimate residue of from

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twenty to thirty thousand Hungarians, which will not be oppressive if Austria receives help in financing integration.

The eighteen thousand Hungarian refugees in Yugoslavia, however, are another matter. Yugoslavia is not a member of I.C.E.M. and cannot become one since that organization, by the terms of its character, may admit only such countries as are interested in free movement of immigrants. I.C.E.M. was formed outside the United Nations with a view to precluding Communist membership and the possible obstruction of its purposes.

In spite of this Yugoslavia has already made informal appeal to I.C.E.M. for aid. Unfortunately, I.C.E.M. membership is divided on the advisability of lending aid. W. C. Naude, the I.C.E.M. member for South Africa, has stated: "The fact was that the great majority of refugees crossing the Yugoslavia border were Communists who preferred one Communist régime to another. They were not necessarily desirable emigrants." This despite a previous report from a U.N. observer in Yugoslavia that between eighty and ninety per cent of the refugees desired to emigrate from Yugoslavia. I.C.E.M. is still deliberating this problem.

It is unlikely that there will be any radical increase of Hungarian refugees in Yugoslavia; the Kadar régime has now turned its attention to its southern border, having effectively sealed off the exits to Austria. Thus the number of Hungarian refugees will in all probability be stabilized at a total of about two hundred thousand. As regards those still to be evacuated—approximately 79,000 (including those in Yugoslavia) at this writing—and the much larger number still to be permanently resettled, the international relief effort will continue to muddle along as it has in the past, applying *ad hoc* measures and stopping occasionally for reappraisals.

AT ANY RATE, the Communists are not yet in a position to make much capital out of our failures. The repatriation commission that the Communists demanded hasn't found many refugees who want to go back to Hungary.

Toward a New Immigration Policy

SENATOR CLIFFORD P. CASE

THE FLOOD of refugees from Hungary following the uprising in that country last fall has forced us to focus our attention on our overall immigration policies. There is a fairly general feeling of dissatisfaction about our immigration laws and practices. But there is less agreement on what ought to be done and still less about how to go about accomplishing it.

No one suggests that we could, or should, admit to the United States everyone who would like to come here. The problem, then, is one of limitation and, unavoidably, selection. I suppose no one would quarrel with the general proposition that the best interests of the United States, both domestically and in our relations with other countries, and basic fairness to individual human beings should be our guides in determining the numbers to be admitted and the criteria for their admission. But beyond that point there are no easy answers. Attorney General Brownell spoke accurately when he said:

"I am frank to state that it is extremely difficult to devise any system which is in the best interests of the country, is considered fair by other countries, has readily definable standards, is manageable, and does not leave too much to any one person or group's discretion."

Ever since the early 1920's the national-origins quota system has governed the selection of immigrants to this country. I believe this system has never been, and is not now, in the best interests of the United States or fair to the individuals affected. Secretary Dulles had this to say about the matter: ". . . honorable persons willing and eager to make their homes in the United States, know that they cannot do so except after a wait of many years, while other persons similarly situated but living in more favored countries, can do so without delay. The impact of this situation is felt in our relationship with friendly nations every day."

I AM confident that eventually the defects in the national-origins quota system, and its unfairness, will be generally recognized and that we will abandon it. But I do not believe that either Congress or the country is yet ready to take this step, in considerable part because of the difficulty in agreeing on an alternative.

Therefore, I fully support the two major amendments which President Eisenhower has suggested to Congress to the McCarran-Walter Act—our basic immigration statute.

These changes would:

¶ Base quotas on the 1950 instead of the 1920 census figures. This would raise the number of quota immigrants admissible each year by 65,000.

¶ Permit the redistribution of quotas presently unused by such countries as Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany among nationals of other European countries on a first-come basis, giving effect to provisions of existing law for preference to persons with skills needed in this country and those having close relatives already here. This amendment would increase the number of persons admitted to this country by an additional 60,000 annually.

In practical effect these two changes would permit the admission each year of up to 125,000 additional immigrants from the European area, without regard to their national origin. This is highly significant in view of the fact that the total number now admitted from that area under national-origins quotas is less than 100,000 annually. Therefore, if these amendments were adopted, the national-origins system would apply to less than half the quota immigrants from this area.

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These changes clearly would represent a long step in the right direction in the light both of our self-interest and greater fairness to individuals.

Many of the skills that are becoming scarce in this country could be supplied by immigrants whose admission is indefinitely delayed by the national-origins quota system. And I believe, with the President, that our economy has expanded to a point where such liberalization of our immigration laws would not impair our ability to maintain domestic labor standards.

On this point our experience with the admission of Hungarian refugees is relevant. Tracy Voorhees, Chairman of the President's Commission for Hungarian Relief, recently wrote to me:

"The [job] offers already received considerably outnumbered the employable refugees. An examination of these job-offer listings will, I know, disclose the existence of many lines of occupational activity which are in short supply and many communities in which certain manpower shortages exist. . . . Thus far we have been able to move refugees into employment in a steady flow and with no known instances of displacement of qualified Americans."

'Due Process' for All

Another major need is to give our immigration laws sufficient flexibility to enable us to meet special problems and emergencies.

Since the October uprising, 170,000 Hungarian refugees have fled across the border into Austria. The Austrian economy could not possibly have supported this additional burden. If other countries, including our own, had not stepped in, Austria would have had to turn these people back to persecution and, in many instances, to exile or death. It was fortunate indeed that the President was able to use the expiring Refugee Relief Act and the parole provisions of existing law as a means to enable us to take a share of this load.

Accordingly, in addition to seeking legislation for the permanent admission of Hungarian refugees already in this country under parole, the President has urged Congress to establish a continuing program under which approximately 70,000 refugees from Communist tyranny might be admitted annually. I have suggested that this program be broadened to include such other refugees from oppression as the Jews driven from Egypt.

The President has also proposed technical amendments to the McCarran-Walter Act to eliminate discrimination against certain Asians, fingerprinting requirements for visitors, and various unfair features of the law. Certain other "due process" amendments are, in my judgment, desirable.

The Art of the Possible

The President's proposals have been criticized from both sides. Many persons who are opposed to the national-origins quota system complain

because the President has not asked for the immediate total abolition of that system. On the other hand, Representative Walter has complained that the Eisenhower program would actually admit more immigrants each year than would any of the other bills which have been introduced. And, indeed, this is true.

All things considered, I am convinced that the President's approach is not only very much in the right direction but, in its major provisions, is also the one that would carry us further along the way toward improvement of our immigration policies and practices than any other now pending or proposed. Among other things, it would give us an opportunity for experience with the admission, in effect without regard to national origin, of up to 125,000 European immigrants annually. If this works well, as I am confident it will, we shall have laid the groundwork for the elimination of the national-origins quota system far more quickly than by seeking its direct repeal.

But though the President's program does reach for the possible instead of the unattainable, its enactment will by no means be easy to accomplish.

The general attitude throughout the country, as well as in Congress, has been and still is one of caution on this issue. That attitude cuts across party lines. As I pointed out earlier, the national-origins quota system has been in effect since 1921. In 1952 the McCarran-Walter Act, reaffirming that system, was adopted over President Truman's veto by more than a majority of the members of both parties in both the Senate and the House.

Despite its caution, Congress has on occasion acted with boldness and generosity on problems in this field. The passage of the Displaced Persons Act in 1948 and the Refugee Relief Act in 1953 is evidence of that fact. Both these Acts were adopted with a supporting majority of the members of both parties, and as a Republican I take satisfaction in the fact that both were adopted during Republican control of Congress.

The response of our people during the recent Hungarian emergency gives further ground for belief that Americans are not blindly set against all change. A few weeks ago private citizens of Milwaukee airlifted directly to freedom a planeload of Hungarian escapees in four days' time. This was perhaps the most spectacular incident in our refugee effort, but all over the country private citizens and church and civic groups responded generously and effectively to the challenge.

It is my deep belief that the one insurmountable barrier to significant improvement in our existing immigration laws would be disunity among those who seek such improvement. If all those who sincerely wish to improve our immigration laws and practices will make common cause in the fight for those improvements which are within the realm of the possible, even though less far-reaching than many of us would like, I think we can succeed.

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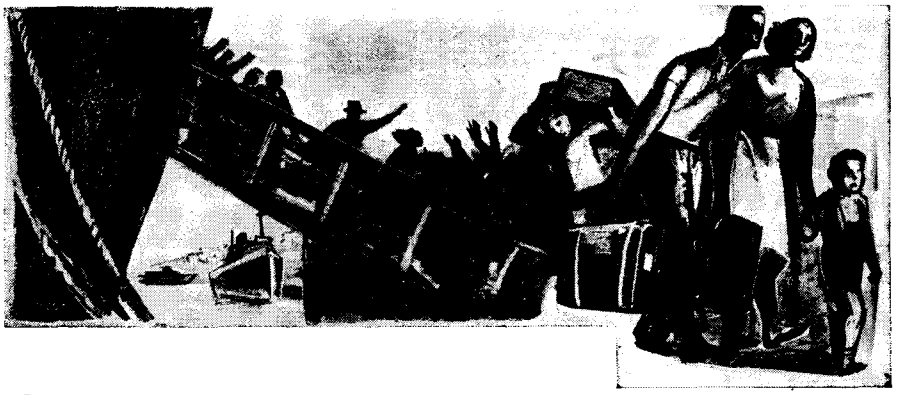

Our Irrational Nationality Quotas

JUDITH LAIKIN

It seems that there were very few Australians living in the United States in 1920. So if your sweetheart was born in Australia you will have to leave the United States to marry her. Single, it would take her ten years to get a quota immigration visa. But you could bring your British fiancée to the States with no more than six weeks notice.

We may as well face it: Our immigration law is downright silly. As President Eisenhower put it in his Message to Congress on January 31: ". . . the practical application of that law [the Immigration and Nationality Act] has demonstrated certain provisions which operate inequitably and others which are outmoded in the world of today." Mr. Eisenhower recommended that Congress re-examine the national-origins quota system on which the law is based, and that meanwhile the system be brought up to date and expanded.

Why pick on the national-origins quota system?

First, because it sets an arbitrary and static limit to the number of people we can admit annually. This number bears no relation to our capacity to absorb them, to our desire to bring certain individuals here, or to the number of persons who want to come in.

Second, because it pretends that the pattern of migration of peoples is immutable; that they come like seals from certain breeding grounds, far away from the forces of war and peace, and that there is no need for us to reconsider the distribution of visas with changing times.

Third, because as between prospective immigrants, the quota system discriminates on grounds that pretend to be—but are not—relevant to the American scene.

Fourth, because Congress is aware that the national-origins quota system does not work. It has frequently licensed special classes of people to enter the United States above and beyond the quotas set. G.I. brides, Free Poles, Japanese wives, Basque shepherds, escapees from Communism, displaced Germans, orphans under fourteen, and now fifteen thousand Hungarians—all these people owe their status to *ad hoc* legislation. But laws often lag behind the need; and the lack of a flexible law on the books prevents us from planning in advance. Though these measures serve a humanitarian purpose in the short run, they are no adequate substitute for a rational immigration policy.

The Numbers Game

The quota system makes our immigration law anything but rational. In practice, we choose our immigrants by lot.

An immigrant with a lucky number (for example, one who was born in Eire, Sweden, or the island of Tonga) can get a visa immediately on applying. If his number isn't so good (say he was born in France, Denmark, or Norway), he may wait around for a year before being invited to follow up his application. If he was born in Italy, Russia, or the Union of South Africa, he may never live to see his number come up.

What is a quota number, and who needs one? To clear the decks somewhat, let me answer the second question first. All immigrants need a quota number for their visas except:

¶ The alien wife, husband, or child of a U.S. citizen.

¶ A person born in an independent country of the Western Hemisphere.

¶ Ministers of religion; long-term employees of the American government abroad; aliens who make their home in the United States and are returning from a visit abroad; and certain persons who lost their American citizenship through inadvertence.

¶ Certain refugees as exempted from time to time.

These persons are *nonquota* immigrants and receive their visas above and beyond the number provided for by law. All other immigrants need quota numbers.

The Immigration and Nationality Act, better known as the McCarran-Walter Act, became effective in December, 1952. It embodies the national-origins quota system which was concocted for our second restrictive immigration law in 1924. At that time, the 1920 census was broken down to omit Negroes, American Indians, and other nonwhite persons. The total number of immigrants to be legally admitted each year was set at one-sixth of one per cent of the white population.

The resultant total of 154,277 became our ceiling on immigrants. This was divided proportionally into separate quotas representing the various countries of the world from which our population originated. Thus, Great Britain got forty-three per cent of the total. Although two-thirds of this quota goes unused each year, these numbers cannot be allocated to anyone else, and they simply lapse. The Spanish, who didn't emigrate earlier but would

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like to do so now, have a quota of 250 annually, and a waiting list decades long.

One of President Eisenhower's proposals is to pool the unused quota numbers and make them available to preferred immigrants born in the same continent where the lapsed numbers occur, without regard to the specific country of birth. This would not expand the total number of persons permitted to immigrate, but would only ensure that all the numbers were used.

An increase of sixty-five thousand quota numbers was also recommended by the President—a figure arrived at by basing the quota system on the 1950 census. The Administration believes that our economy has expanded sufficiently to absorb the added number of immigrants, and proposes that the new numbers should be allocated to those quota areas from which persons actually emigrated to the United States between 1924 and 1955.

For the second year running, the President proposed canceling the iniquitous mortgages that were placed on some national quotas in order to pry loose additional quota numbers for refugees right after the war. Half the Latvian quota is mortgaged until the year 2274.

The most spectacular aspect of the Administration's program was to request standing authority to admit each year sixty-seven thousand escapees from Communism—a direct outgrowth of the Hungarian emergency.

Congressional authority of this type would knock national origins into a cocked hat. There is no predicting in what corner of the world the next group of escapees will appear, and little likelihood that the quota categories will ever suit the political situation.

The obvious question, then, is whether the quota system is worth retaining despite its defects. What does it set out to do, and does it succeed?

Does It Work?

The idea behind the national-origins quota system is to preserve the American way of life as it evolved over the years of unrestricted immigration. It is intended to retain the mixture as before, to protect the culture and complexion of Americans from radical change.

That the system is not an efficient cultural sieve is clearly shown by comparing the annual quotas allotted to countries of similar tradition. The law is supposed to favor immigrants of Anglo-Saxon descent. But Australia and New Zealand, countries settled almost exclusively by persons of British descent, have only the minimum quota of one hundred annually.

Among German-speaking peoples, those who were born in Germany have 25,814 quota numbers a year; those born in Austria have only 1,405. The German quota is current; the Austrian quota waiting list is seven years long.

The quota for Spain is 250, that for Portugal 438; yet people who speak Spanish and Portuguese can (and do) enter the United States without limit if they were born in the Western Hemisphere.

A second anomaly in the national-origins system arises from the automatic classification of individuals according to place of birth. This is particularly ridiculous if the applicant is a child or if he migrated as a child to another country. The son of Russians who took refuge in Venezuela can come to the United States without a quota number; the son of Russians who took refuge in China can have his choice of two equally discouraging waiting lists—the Chinese or the Russian. The Karachi-born Hindu who decided to go to India after partition can get a quota number with slight delay, while the Delhi-born Moslem who fled to Pakistan need not even bother to register; his number won't come up during his lifetime. The Indian quota is heavily oversubscribed.

The quota system is most efficient in excluding immigrants on racial grounds. An Asian is an Asian regardless of where he was born, and a Chinese of whatever nationality is charged to an annual quota of 105. Moreover, the definition of Chinese is a much wider net than most other such definitions— two out of four grandparents will suffice.

The system imposes great hardship on certain individuals. An American may secure preferential treatment for his alien brother. But when the brother gets his visa, he is not permitted to bring his family to the United States with him. An Englishman can bring his Dutch wife to the United States under the favorable quota for Great Britain; but his wife mustn't be Asian. An American citizen can get a nonquota visa for his alien wife, but not for her child if the child is not his. A Polish family accepted for immigration cannot get a quota number for an aged grandmother, who is not considered a member of the family unit. A childless American couple cannot bring their orphaned nephew to the United States because the boy was born in Austria.

Preference Categories

We accept people who were born in the proper place and who are not criminal, Communist, or diseased; but the law provides little scope for making a positive selection of those we would wish to become citizens.

The 1952 Act made a start toward encouraging the immigration of skilled persons by setting up a first-preference category for aliens whose services the Attorney General declares to be urgently needed in the United States. Fifty per cent of each quota is reserved to such persons who immigrate at the request of an American institution or firm wishing to hire them.

This provision has enabled us to admit Australian nuclear physicists, Jamaican nurses, and Bulgarian ventriloquists. But even the first preference is oversubscribed for those quota areas in which there is the heaviest demand for immigration; and there is no organized program for recruiting specially skilled immigrants according to our national needs. It is left wholly to chance—and to national origins.

Family ties of would-be immigrants are recognized by three other preference categories: one for the parents of citizens; another for families of aliens already admitted for permanent residence; and the last for brothers, sisters, and children over twenty-one of U.S. citizens. Those who are not specially skilled and not closely related to American citizens or permanent residents are considered to be "nonpreference" and have to wait for their quota

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numbers in chronological order.

In addition to skills and family relationships, various criteria have been suggested to aid us in selecting immigrants. Most of these—such as relating immigration to our reciprocal trade agreements or to our military alliances—have something to recommend them but nevertheless bypass the main point: that any immigration policy will be unrealistic if it is connected to the quota system.

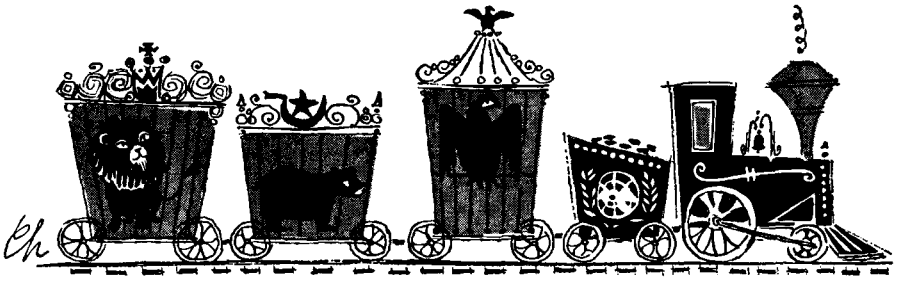
DURING 1955, we admitted a total of 237,970 immigrants, whose origins (on account of the Refugee Relief and other Acts) were certainly not in conformity with the quota system. Taken all in all, the President's recent recommendations would mean an annual increase of about 190,000 immigrants—half in and half out of the quota system. Surely it would be worth knowing how far we should go in this direction, and how fast.

This could be done by authorizing a technical inquiry to ascertain what our absorptive capacity is. Is it static (as the law intimates) or elastic (as any other market is)? Should we relate immigration to the need for certain types of worker in certain industries? Ought we to consider the social consequences of admission of large homogeneous groups? Should we use immigration to conciliate allies or to gain trade concessions?

Our annual intake need not be a fixed number. On the contrary, it should be flexible enough to vary in accordance with American conditions and the movement of people abroad. We should be free to take advantage of changing conditions in order to bring in suitable immigrants when and where they are available, unfettered by the census of 1920—or by any census at all.

The President's plan to pool unused quota numbers and to admit large numbers of refugees tends toward the breakdown of the artificial limits heretofore set on our immigration.

Let us hope that Congress will have the courage to handle the Hungarian newcomers not only as unfortunate human beings for whom an exception must be made, but as sure proof that immigration policy should be entirely reconstructed.



The U.N. Is Not A World Government

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

EVIDENCE multiplies that the Administration, and for that matter the American people in general, seriously misconceives the character and possibilities of the United Nations. The multitudes who daily visit the imposing New York headquarters of the United Nations, prompted by piety or school principals or women's clubs, seem to regard it as a kind of supergovernment that can guarantee peace if only our devotion to it is absolute. Even Harry Truman thought it necessary to insist that loyalty to the United Nations must be the cornerstone of American foreign policy. The present Administration never loses an occasion, even in announcing the Eisenhower Doctrine, to assure the world of our continued devotion to the U.N.

These liturgical observances would be harmless if they merely expressed the conviction that the United Nations is an indispensable instrument for a coming world community, and that if it perished a similar instrument would have to be invented. But usually the expressions of devotion express more than that—the conviction that loyalty to the United Nations can be the totality of our foreign policy. They do not suggest, as they reasonably should, that the organization offers the opportunity for a creative foreign policy but cannot guarantee one in itself.

The United Nations is not a supergovernment awaiting only a few constitutional changes, such as abolition of the veto in the Security Council, to be a perfect instrument of peace. It is an international arrangement accurately mirroring the power realities at the end of the Second World War, and the needs of a nascent world community that still had to be integrated. The Security Council is the organ of the great powers, though it does not now reflect the diminution of strength in British and French power. Furthermore, the inclusion of China among its permanent members was a mistake, prompted by American optimism and the conviction that China would become a power center in the postwar world. The revolution in China has aggravated this error, for it makes the admission of the new Communist China into the United Nations tantamount to its election to the Security Council. We could probably circumvent this embarrassment by assigning a permanent seat to India, which has certainly gained very much international prestige since its birth as a free nation.

THE real trouble, of course, is that there is a deep rift between the major powers, between Russia and America particularly, that causes difficulty in making the Security Council an instrument of international action, though it still serves a useful purpose as a bridge between totalitarianism and the so-called free world. This rift invalidates all the schemes for putting this or that part

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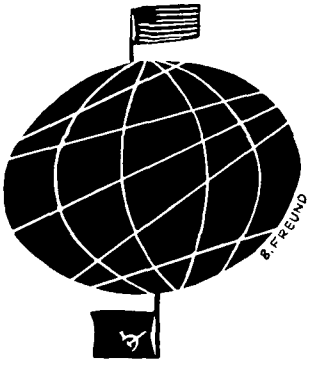
of the world under the control of the United Nations, as for instance, the proposal for Formosan trusteeship. This embarrassment cannot be overcome constitutionally by the abolition of the veto in the Council, for the veto is the constitutional acknowledgment that there is no sufficient collective force in the United Nations to prevent any one of the big nations from defying its decrees. Neither Russia nor the United States Senate would accept the abolition of the veto. This is a political fact of life, and it is not regarded seriously enough by optimistic reformers. It represents an insuperable obstacle to overambitious schemes for world government.

Beyond the pride of Russia and America there is the pride of sovereignty in all the nations. The United Nations has in no way abridged that sovereignty. We now find ourselves obliged to bargain with President Nasser about the disposition of the United Nations Emergency Force.

One Nation, One Vote

The difficulties about the Security Council have prompted the free nations to enlarge the power of the General Assembly, which is a sounding board, though not a parliament, of the community of nations. It is prevented from being a real parliament because the votes in the Assembly have not the faintest correspondence to power and prestige. This fact has been made more vivid



and embarrassing by the admission of the many new Asian and African nations to the United Nations. The consequence is that the so-called Asian-Arab bloc of nations has the power to veto any action of the Assembly and is frequently able to dictate action, particularly when American policy lacks direction and leaves the Latin-American nations leaderless.

The veto power in the Security Council, and the potential majority of the small Asian and African nations, make either chamber of the United Nations an ineffective instrument for the realization of policy by the alliance of European democratic nations, particularly by the Anglo-Saxon alliance. It may seem cynical to the idealists to state that both the League of Nations and the United Nations were originally conceived as instruments of this alliance.

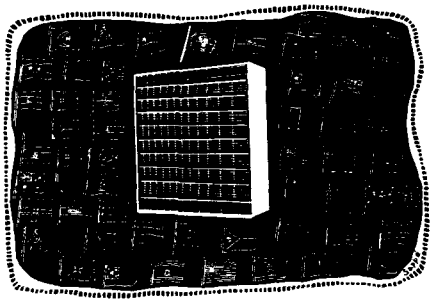
In both cases some instrument was required to draw America out of its irresponsibility and isolation; and in the Second World War Roosevelt and Churchill rightly recognized the importance both of preserving this core of power and of submitting that power to the arbitrament of the "opinions of mankind." This is not as cynical as it seems at first blush: A world community, if it is to come into existence, is as dependent upon a stable core of power as a democratic nation is dependent upon a political oligarchy—though its actions remain subject to veto and review by the electorate.

Morality and Power

It must be emphasized that the dominant powers govern not by explicit but by implicit consent of the international community. The United Nations could be a useful instrument for establishing this consent and for adjusting the realities of power in the shifting world scene to present policy. It has already admitted India, the leader of the free Asian nations, to a position of leadership, though U.S. preoccupation with military pacts has alienated India from genuine partnership. India's defiance of the United Nations in the case of Kashmir has made it more dependent upon Russia—to the extent that we cannot even count on its neutralism, though we cannot question its devotion to democratic principles in domestic economy. India seeks to avoid totalitarianism if at all possible.

Every evidence points to the fact that the Administration thinks as vaguely and abstractly about the United Nations as does the public, and that it has no sense of the supreme importance of preserving the Anglo-American alliance. Its lack of co-operation with Britain before the tragic events in the Middle East and the consequent breakdown of confidence between the two Anglo-Saxon powers prove that the stronger of these two powers had no idea of the value of the residual prestige of the weaker.

Furthermore, Secretary Dulles's rather cheap charge of "colonialism" against both Britain and France revealed his obtuseness, particularly to the fact that Britain, after liquidating an empire, had incorporated



many of the former colonial nations into the Commonwealth and had considerably more prestige in Asia than we, despite our efforts to draw prestige from an anti-colonial past. Moreover, the charge of colonialism in the Suez crisis expressed a lack of empirical wisdom; for slogans could not do justice to the fact that a formerly subjected and colonial nation may now be the bearer of imperial ambitions, and that those ambitions may threaten the lifeline of European civilization—something more important to us than Pandit Nehru's smile and Krishna Menon's approval.

President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles seem consistently intent on obscuring power realities in the United Nations. The President thus explains the Hungarian defiance and the British acceptance of U.N. orders in purely moral terms. A Communist nation is not as moral as the two western nations and therefore does not obey the "law," meaning the "United Nations" directive. This explanation obscures the fact that the United Nations could not

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coerce Russia, which stood behind the Hungarian puppet government, while we could coerce our allies. We did so on the high moral ground that there must be the same law for friend or foe, which assumes that the United Nations is really the source of positive law.

The political and moral confusion is even clearer in the case of Israel. That nation is unwilling to evacuate the Gaza Strip because the issue is a matter of life and death. Israel will quit only upon guarantees that the United Nations Emergency Force will take over the Gaza Strip together with the approaches to the Gulf of Aqaba. The President expresses hope that Israel will yield on the basis of his confidence in its "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." But Israel can certainly have no respect for the strategic wisdom of the world's most powerful nation. What respect could Israel have for the legalistic logic which asserted that its security could not be guaranteed until it had purged itself of defiance? Desperation has prompted Israel to defy the United Nations.

EVIDENTLY the case of France as a leading power is somewhat different from that of Britain. France is involved in perpetual confusion at home and subject to a monstrous fiction in its relation to Algeria—that African-Moslem Algeria is really a part of Metropolitan France. France is also embarrassed by the fact that two million Frenchmen have settled in Algeria in response to this fiction and can hardly be abandoned to Arab vindictiveness which their pride has aroused. France is scarcely a source of moral and political prestige in Asia and Africa.

The Asians remember very vividly that France could not endow the struggle against Communism in Indo-China with the moral and political self-respect that could suffice to overcome the kind of nationalistic Communism that flourishes in Asia and Africa.

France is clearly an embarrassment to the anti-Communist cause in a day in which we must deal with the legitimate national aspirations of the colored continents as well as with the imperialism of Colonel Nasser. No easy solution can be found for this embarrassment. But we aggravate the situation by putting Britain and France into the same camp of "colonial" powers, thus imitating and approximating the indiscriminate charges of the Communists. Not only the Administration but the entire liberal world, rightly concerned with the justified aspirations of new nationalisms, would do well to see that liberal slogans do not betray our policy into compliance with Marxist slogans and Russian ambitions.

A Paradox of Wisdom

The United Nations is worth saving, but it cannot be saved by substituting loyalty for circumspect policy in relation to the realities represented in its councils and assemblies. Until we have a more clearly defined foreign policy, a queasy internationalism will discredit the United Nations, and the general sense of frustration and impotence will invite a nationalist and isolationist reaction.

It is rather ironic that Senator Knowland, who is not generally celebrated for statesmanlike wisdom and stands for old-fashioned nationalism, should blurt out a bit of wisdom of which the Administration seems incapable. Knowland said he would not coerce Israel as long as the United Nations was impotent to come to the aid of Hungary. The truth that the Wise Men sought was spoken by a child; the confused internationalism of the Administration is rebuked by a traditional nationalist. One hopes that this irony does not foreshadow the fate of the United Nations.

Overheard In Berlin

EDMOND TAYLOR

"KEEP your eye on Berlin. That's the spot where World War III could start."—*West German newspaperman interviewed in Bonn*

"As a matter of fact, we had a narrow escape in Berlin last November. The anti-Communist demonstrations at the Brandenburg Gate might well have started a world war if they had gotten out of hand. The west Berlin crowd was going to cross the line and invade east Berlin. They were lured away from the sector border by a stratagem and that saved the day. It was a very serious affair."—*Senior official of the West German Foreign Office interviewed in Bonn*

"I don't know anybody but the Alsop brothers who got excited about the demonstrations here on November 5. It was just a few students and people like that letting off steam about Hungary. I was right there at the Brandenburg Gate and I didn't see anything to worry about. The only invasion I saw was some west Berlin teen-agers on motorcycles cavorting in front of the East German security police on the sector border. The police had tommy guns but they didn't shoot. They just turned fire hoses on the kids. It was quite amusing. Anyway, how do we know it would have started a war if the crowd crossed into east Berlin?"—*State Department official in Berlin*

"I didn't think the demonstration at the Brandenburg Gate itself was too serious. What did have me worried for a while was the incident back at the Russian war memorial [a Soviet enclave in west Berlin about a half a mile from the Brandenburg Gate]. A Soviet military bus that came to relieve the sentries was stoned by the mob. I don't know if the newspapers ever printed anything about it, but I was there and it looked nasty for a while. There were eight or ten Russians with tommy guns in that bus. I hate to

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think what would have happened if they had lost their heads and started shooting. I must say they showed great restraint."—*Another official observer in Berlin*

"We wanted RIAS [the U.S.-controlled Radio in the American Sector of Berlin] to broadcast to East Germany the strike appeal for November 5 which the West German labor unions put out as a protest against the Soviet repression in Hungary, but a lot of cowardly politicians stopped it and the West lost another great chance."—*A west Berlin anti-Communist intellectual.*

"When you're sitting on a powder keg like this right in the middle of Europe, you have to look at everything you want to do first of all from the viewpoint of the trouble it might cause, and not take any chances on starting World War III."—*RIAS official*

"There are no indications that the Hungarian affair has had any serious repercussions in East Germany."—*State Department official in Berlin*

"The watchfulness of the Communist Party organizations and state authorities narrowly averted a student revolt in east Berlin last November."—*Extract from a speech by Walter Ulbricht, Secretary-General of the East German SED (Communist) Party, to its Central Committee*

"THE POLITICIANS used to warn us not to encourage resistance in East Germany because the régime was too strong. Now they say it is dangerous to do anything because the régime is too weak."—*A west Berlin anti-Communist leader*

"Administratively and politically the East German régime has made some progress in consolidating itself. There is no likelihood of anything dramatic happening over there in the foreseeable future."—*State Department official in Berlin*

"We could start a revolution in East Germany on twelve hours' notice any time we wanted. Could we also stop one if it broke out spontaneously? As of today I think so. I hope so. Three months from now I wouldn't promise."—*West German expert on problems of German unity, interviewed in Bonn*

"As you can see, people look better fed and better dressed over here than they did a few years ago. You notice they still walk with that typical east Berlin jail-yard shuffle, though."—*U.S. official during a drive through east Berlin*

"There can't be any revolution in East Germany because there isn't enough discontent. Living standards are quite high by Communist standards."—*State Department official in Berlin*

"The virtual collapse of the East German economic plan now officially announced by the Communist leaders foreshadows a highly critical situation with explosive implications in the center of Europe."—*Extract from Berlin dispatch to London* Observer

"Twenty-five per cent of the population in East Germany supports the régime."—*U.S. official at RIAS*

"At least ninety-five per cent of the population is actively opposed to the régime in East Germany."—*East German expert of a west Berlin radio station*

"OF COURSE the régime is unpopular in East Germany. But what difference does it make as long as the Soviets are sitting there with thirty-plus divisions? In their place we probably couldn't keep it up, but the Russians can. They know it doesn't matter what people think about you as long as they can't do anything about it."—*U.S. official in Berlin*

"European stability is assured by the presence of some thirty-odd Soviet divisions in and around East Germany."—*U.S. Embassy official in Bonn*

"One reason nothing is going to happen in East Germany is that the Germans are not romantics like the Hungarians and the Poles."—*Several U.S. sources in Berlin*

"At the moment I don't expect anything to break out in East Germany because it wouldn't make sense. But if the people in East Germany ever lose hope that the country will some day be reunited, they might try something desperate. History demonstrates that there is a strong irrational element lurking under the surface in most Germans."—*West German government consultant on East German problems interviewed in Bonn*

"This town [west Berlin] lives on hope. Take it away and you don't have much left."—*U.S. official in Berlin*

"Dulles's wait-and-see policy in Germany is exactly right. If we thought of Germany as a problem that we had to get rid of at any cost, we could make a deal with Soviets tomorrow. But the terms would not be very satisfactory. If we sit tight, eventually the Soviets will accept our terms. We can afford to wait five or ten years if necessary."—*RIAS official*

"Let's not forget that the problem of reunification is a German problem and they are going to settle it for themselves."—*RIAS official*

"Dulles and Adenauer are so worried about the Soviets coming back into Germany some day if they make a deal to withdraw that they won't let them get out to begin with."—*Opposition brain-truster in Bonn*

"TALKING about German reunification is as boring as talking about the weather, for the same reason—there's nothing you can do about it."—*U.S. Embassy official in Bonn*

"It's easy to forget about the great problems of Europe here in Bonn. But in Berlin you can't escape them."—*Bonn government official*

"Berlin has been greatly exaggerated as a news center. I don't see why you journalists want to hang around here. The real news center is Bonn. There are some quite good stories in West Germany. If I were you I would go after them. There are several planes out of here every day."—*State Department official in Berlin*

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A Polish Puppet Show In Prague

FLORA LEWIS

THE INVITATIONS to the dance were tiny paper hats, printed and folded like the peaked hats children make from newspapers when they want to play soldier. The point was not clear at first, but they were gay and showed that the Polish students had gone to some trouble in making the arrangements. It was their turn to sponsor December's International Student Association dance in Prague.

As it always has been, Prague's ancient Charles University is still a center for students from a great many countries. Nowadays most of them either come from Communist lands or have Communist sympathies (the two are not at all synonymous), but the differences in their tastes and outlook are no less than they ever were. They tend to band together into national groups, and the dances afford a welcome opportunity to shake up the sedimented international mixture.

The party was held as usual in the upstairs hall of the Czechoslovak Automobile Club, just across the little park from what used to be Wilson Station and is now Prague Main Railroad Station. The tables were pushed well back against the wall, to leave ample room for the dancing, and the orchestra hired for the occasion started up promptly at eight with a series of timeless fox trots, sambas, and vaguely jitterbug tunes not very different from the program of a college prom anywhere in the United States. The only decorations were a huge replica of the toy soldier hat over the bandstand and a black curtain where, I was told, a show would be put on later.

THE TWO Polish students who joined our table were primarily interested in art, although they were applying themselves to practical subjects in Prague. Czeslaw, a smooth-faced handsome lad with friendly dark eyes and a shyly warm smile, scrupulously neat in a well-brushed blue suit, looked younger than his twenty-one years. He was studying architecture and interior decoration, learning techniques of modern furniture manufacture which he said would be useful to him when he went back home, though he felt strongly that Polish design and styling were much better. Although Janusz was only nineteen, he seemed to be the older of the two. Pale and ascetic-looking, with a ruff of soft beard around the rim of his jawbone from ear to ear and long hair plastered down flat over his forehead, he would have passed anywhere for the traditional student eccentric. He was a talented painter,

but he was studying how to make puppet films, a Czech specialty.

The rest of the young people in the crowd seemed somewhat embarrassed before they began spotting cronies, but gradually their self-consciousness evaporated as the dancing began. "The Automobile Club told us four hundred was the limit we could invite," Czeslaw said. "The floor wouldn't stand up under more. There are thirty of us Polish students, so we made the list by putting down the musts—student officials and so on—then all the pretty girls we knew, and the rest of the tickets we divided up to give to our particular friends."

We chatted for a while about the crowded living quarters in the students' hostels and the heavy schedule of classes. I was with a young Polish woman named Vera who had just arrived from Warsaw, and the boys gobbled up every scrap of news from home.

"You know," said Janusz, "we're not too popular here now. You can't buy Polish newspapers anywhere in Prague, but of course we get them sent to us and we know what's going on. It makes it hard to talk with the Czech students. After all, I don't want to be the one to get them in trouble. And they're afraid to say much, although a lot of them come over to read our papers and then go away, quietly."

"What can they do?" asked Czeslaw, serious now. "I personally know nine who've been arrested in the last few weeks for saying something favorable about Poland or the Hungarian rebels. And others have been expelled. The students who made the Majales [a Prague student demonstration criticizing the government last May] keep their mouths shut now, and the ones who did all the talking in the bad years have taken over again."

The Jocular Frantisek

Just then a shaggy, beaming moon of a head loomed over the table and a hulking hand nearly demolished the delicate Janusz with a back-thumping greeting. It turned out to be a Czech student from Moravia, come to pay respects to some of his hosts. His name was Frantisek. He grimaced as though he'd run full tilt into Medusa when I was introduced as an American, but he grabbed a chair and joined us just the same. The grimace came on again when I offered him a cigarette. "Not one of those imperialist capitalist weeds—I wouldn't dare," he said, and he pulled out a red package with what I found to be a very similar blend of tobacco, the most costly cigarettes on the Czech market at eight crowns ($1.14) for twenty. All the writing was in Chinese characters, and I asked Frantisek how Czechs managed to ask for the brand by name in a store. "Just ask for Red Chinese—it's good tobacco, better politics," and he chuckled at his own wit. Then he turned to Vera and half in self-mockery, half in wonder, asked, "How can you go

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about with an American friend? Aren't you worried?"

Vera was not amused. The fury had been simmering in her ever since she set foot in Prague, and it finally boiled over. "So, that's how you behave here," she stormed. "We Poles smoke any cigarettes we like and see any friends we choose—what has that to do with politics? And as for politics, our newspapers carry the news. What do you know of the rest of the world? Do you know the truth about Hungary? Have you read Tito's speech?"

Vera is a small and dainty young woman. In Warsaw she keeps house and studies languages at the University and pays a minimum of attention to politics. But in Prague she felt a stern duty to set Czechs straight on a few matters.

"I don't wonder the Polish newspapers are banned here. You Czechs have to watch out for us—we're much more dangerous for you than Americans. When we say something, you can't just shrug it off as capitalism and imperialism. Poland is a socialist country. You can't explain us away with the old propaganda. I can tell you that students behave very differently in our country. They have ideas, and they have meetings, and they speak up. They did a lot to make the October revolution. They went to the factories . . ."

The Czech managed to stem the flood for a moment with a startling question. Bewilderment had overwhelmed his easygoing jollity. "What revolution?" he asked. "October—you mean 1917? In Leningrad?"

"Of course not," snapped Vera. "*Our* revolution, the Polish Revolution of October, 1956."

Frantisek relaxed. He was beginning to see blue sky. There was a surprising passion to Polish humor, but so long as it was humor he would go along with it. "That's a good one," he said. "The Polish October Revolution. I hadn't heard that joke before."

At least it took the last of Vera's breath away. "Joke!" she spluttered. "Some joke! So, that's what you call it. A joke."

THE DEPARTURE of Czeslaw and Janusz to get ready for the skit they had written and planned with their comrades produced a lull in

which Frantisek began to tell about his studies. He was preparing himself to be a film writer. At first he had studied drama and he had wanted to write satire, but the professor had turned him out of the course. After a number of puns and a good deal of clowning to prove that his heart was still in comedy, he frowned and said, "But satire is impossible here. I have a three-foot picture of Stalin over my bed." He took some coins from his pocket and tossed them in the air. "There's always this. They say there's money in the movies. Money, ha!" His tone had become bitter, and he demonstrated how he could blow a thin Czech ten-heller piece about in the palm of his hand. "What's it worth? They call it money. I can blow it away."

A Play Within a Play

A dozen students wearing soldier hats of folded newspaper and dressed in *teplaky*, the dark-colored shapeless gym suits used as an almost universal winter outfit in eastern Europe, marched onto the dance floor. The couples backed away and the show began. The platoon marched forward with ostentatious military stiffness but occasionally cringed as its leader barked out orders. He wheeled them around, marched them backwards, and lined them up for inspection at the front of the hall. Satisfied with his followers' submission, the leader sprawled across the bandstand and ate an orange, tossing the peel to his underlings, who scrapped like animals for each bit of it while he watched over them benignly.

Smacking his lips contentedly after the orange was gone but rolling his eyes grotesquely to show the rise of a new appetite, he called his band to attention and this time whispered an order. Dutifully, the soldiers scouted around until they found a pretty girl and presented her to the leader, who dragged her behind the curtain. A few minutes later she reappeared in dishevelment and slouched away. The leader swaggered forth after her, and the well-trained troops lustily cheered his glory. Without an order, they lined up to present him with two great medals, pot covers on a string. They chorused more cheers, of a sort which must have been familiar to many in the audience, and the leader indulgently accepted the natural devotion of his multitudes.

The meaning of the paper hats had now become abundantly clear. They represented authoritarianism and cowering compliance—or more simply, Stalinism.

CONTENTED now, the leader determined to reward his followers with entertainment. In the cutout of the black curtain, a painted set appeared and a puppet show began. The first scene showed two builders busily piling up bricks to make a house. Disgusted at their concern for their own future comfort, the leader rose and knocked them down. Turning to his troops, he growled, "Applaud." They applauded.

In the next scene a peasant was nursing a seedling and rejoicing as it grew under his care to become a sturdy tree. The leader jumped up and uprooted the tree, smashing it to bits. "Applaud," he barked again. And again, but more mechanically, the followers obeyed.

Then came a painter, dabbing happily at a canvas, whistling with pleasure at his work. Bored, the leader threw mud at the picture and ruined it. The command for applause was again respected.

Two puppets, a boy and a girl, appeared in the next scene. Each carried a huge cardboard heart. They met, danced, embraced, and shyly exchanged their hearts. The leader was puzzled. He jumped up and grabbed the hearts, inspected them quizzically, bit them to see if they were food, smelled them, and finally, deciding they were useless trash, threw them away. "Applaud," he

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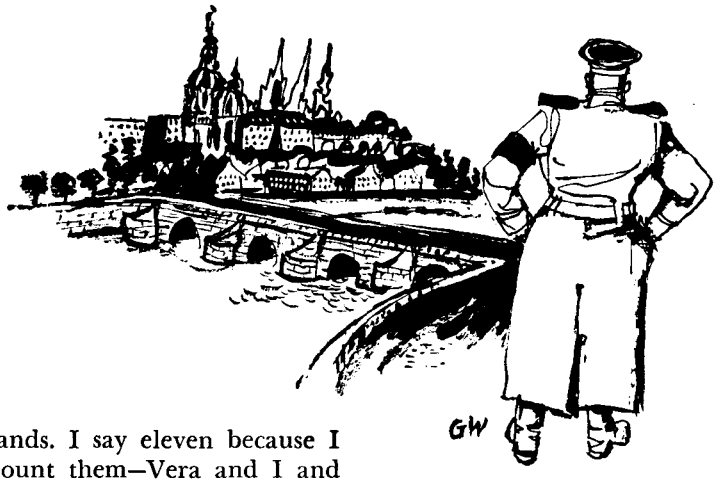
ordered laconically. This time the response was a meager gesture of duty.

The last scene showed two young men carrying flags. One bore the Polish colors. The other bore a pennant of fantasy, but showing clearly the red, white, and green of Hungary. They met and exchanged comradely greetings. Maddened and understanding full well this time, the leader struck the bearer of the red, white, and green. The puppet fell and his banner turned to solid black. The Polish flag dipped in mourning. The leader lashed out in a frenzy, and when the destruction was done, he turned again to his followers with the old command, "Applaud." But this time the paper-hat soldiers could bear no more. With faces contorted in hate, they rushed at the leader, grabbed him by the feet, and dumped him head first in an ashcan, which they carried in triumph from the hall.

From time to time there had been a chuckle of appreciation, even a burst of clapping at the award of the preposterous medals. But for the most part the students pressed around the dance floor had watched the skit in silence. Now the show was over. Eleven people clapped



their hands. I say eleven because I could count them—Vera and I and some Polish Embassy staff members at another table. Otherwise there was no sound from the audience, no expression on their blank faces. The band started the dance music quickly to ease the discomfort.

'What About Charlie Chaplin?'

When our two Polish students had changed and returned, they looked tired. Even booing would have been less of a disappointment than the heavy silence that followed their skit. I asked Frantisek, "Well, what was it? Didn't they understand, or were they afraid?"

The Czech was embarrassed. It would have been hard not to understand. He mumbled a bit, and then he whispered, "There are many secrets tonight." I didn't catch his meaning at first. "Secrets, secret police," he explained.

To cheer up the Polish students after their fiasco, Frantisek went for a plate of open sandwiches piled high with Prague ham, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, pickles, and a frill of mayonnaise. They were good with the white Slovakian wine we were drinking. He began pointing out people. "Those are the East Germans at the next table." No one talked with them, but no one seemed to mind if they eavesdropped a bit. "That crowd," and he gestured at a group toward the back of the hall that huddled timorously together, "is Bulgarian." A smiling Oriental danced by and waved to Frantisek. "He's North Korean. There's a real fellow for you. He fought the Americans ferociously."

The last bit was meant as a barb, as though a bit of aggressive sarcasm might enliven the atmosphere and even things up. It was a dull barb, and Frantisek tried again. "What about Charlie Chaplin? Why won't you let him into America?" That failed too.

"Oh well," Frantisek said, "I'm not much good at that line. Did you hear the joke about the crisis?"

There was a shout at the other end of the room and what looked like the beginning of a brawl. Everyone stopped talking to watch. A tall, strapping African, perhaps from Kenya, which has sent a number of students to Prague, was yelling, "Long Live Gomulka!" Half a dozen Czechs were tugging at him and finally managed to clap their hands over his mouth. The African shrugged them off after a brief scuffle and laughed as the music started up hastily again.

The incident set Vera off again. She was obviously quite right that a Pole could give a comfort-loving Czech a good deal more trouble in an argument than an American could. The Polish students and two students from England and Australia who had wandered up smiled as they observed the situation. The Englishman and the Australian made a brief show of satisfaction with Communism as is, but Frantisek didn't bother to listen to them, and their polemics trailed off into reminiscences of the less complex pleasures of student life at home.

Frantisek sighed. "You're right, of course," he told Vera. "Do you remember the song about Warsaw that goes tum-ti-tum?" He hummed a tune. "It's banned here now. So are the czardas and all the Hungarian songs. Well, tonight we dance. Another day we'll sing. It's good to hear the words in the meantime. Keeps us from forgetting."

He went off then, and the rest of us got up to leave. As a party the Polish dance had not been much of a success.

The next day was the beginning of school holidays, and Czeslaw and Janusz were going to spend them at home. I didn't see them again until several weeks later, when they had returned to Prague. I asked what the Czechs they knew had said about the dance afterwards.

"Oh everyone liked it," Czeslaw said. "A lot of people told us it was the best dance they'd had in years."

"You know," Januz went on, "the Czech students don't get to have many parties. They liked the show too. There was a certain amount of fuss, of course. It turned out that an official from the Ministry of Culture was there, without an invitation, and he was furious and turned in a complaint. But nothing came of it. What could they do? We're Poles."

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Melakia and Mwalim Joseph

A reminiscence of two African friends

KILDARE DOBBS

WHEN I read about affairs in the newspapers I like to think about them in terms of the people I used to know myself. I have a bad head for abstractions and can only become interested in political matters so long as I can imagine them affecting the people I know. Quite often in my reading I come across the expression "the African." My trouble is, I don't *know* "the African." I keep seeing, for instance, Melakia. Melakia is not the African, I know. He is not even typical; he is very much the exception. Melakia, in fact, is mad.

I first met him when I went to teach in the government secondary school at Old Moshi in Tanganyika. The school is on the slopes of Kilimanjaro in the country of the Chagga tribe, one of the most advanced peoples of East Africa. Old Moshi School was run on military lines. Every morning the boys would parade for inspection in their khaki shorts and shirts to the music of fifes and drums and bugles. An African teacher and I would walk along the lines of scrubbed boys and then they would all march off to their classrooms to a rousing quickstep. "Marching Through Georgia" was a favorite, especially the noisy bits on the bugles.

After a week or two I got so used to this routine that I could have done it in my sleep. And then one morning as I looked at the parade I knew something was wrong. I couldn't pin it down, but something was undeniably wrong. It wasn't the band—they were blasting away as happily as ever. It wasn't the boys—they wore the usual resigned faces of boys just about to go through another day of English and algebra and biology and civics. Then I realized there was a stranger among us. The last boy on the left in the rear rank was dressed not in neat khaki but in dazzling white. Or rather, it wasn't a boy, but a man. He was standing smartly at attention while all the rest were at ease, his bare legs carefully wrapped in navy-blue puttees.

When we reached the stranger I stopped and looked at him for a moment. He stared rigidly to his front. I did the only thing I could think of and said, "Stand at ease." With a stamp no guardsman would have been ashamed of, he carried out the command. He didn't bat an eye. I tried again with "Stand easy." At once the man flashed me a beautiful smile and shook hands with me.

"It's only Melakia," said my African colleague, as if that explained everything.

I WAS TO LEARN that everyone knew Melakia. He was a strikingly handsome man with a fine brown skin and very white teeth. Now that he was standing easy and his features had lost their military tautness, I could see the peculiarly attractive expression on his face. You felt he was a very happy man and wanted you to be happy too. The only odd thing about his appearance was the patch of dead-white hair on the left side of his head. I was told that this was the result of a war wound and that Melakia was a veteran of the King's African Rifles.

Before long I accepted Melakia as part of my daily life. He lived with Thomas Abraham, the native chief, whose traditional responsibilities included the care of the harmless insane. He came and went as he pleased, sometimes joining solemnly in a calisthenics class, sometimes marching in front of the band like a drum major. He was always very nattily dressed and never without his look of impenetrable happiness. I became so accustomed to him that I hardly looked up when he came quietly into my classroom and sat through a lesson in history. He appeared to follow it with close attention, nodding from time to time and looking extraordinarily intelligent. It didn't seem to bother him that the lesson was conducted in English, a language he did not understand. The boys took no more notice of him than they did of one another or of the little gecko lizards that ate the flies on the walls. Sometimes Melakia would get bored in the middle of a lesson and go away, but never without shaking my hand and giving me his flashing smile.

Left Waiting at the Altar

But Melakia had his troubles like other people. One day I saw him transformed. It was early in the morning and I was at breakfast on my veranda. Melakia walked by stark naked except for a red silk cloak, his face serious and intent. He carried an enormous cross on which he had nailed a coil of barbed wire, an automobile license plate, an enamel notice which said NOT PERMITTED in Swahili, a bicycle bell and several other bizarre appendages. He was singing in a rich contralto something that sounded like "Come into the Garden, Maud."

He walked all the way to the District Office like that and no one took the slightest notice till he went into the District Commissioner's sanctum to lodge a protest against the marriage of Princess Elizabeth. The Princess, he said, had promised to marry *him*, and he had already paid the bride price. None of this went over very well with the District Commissioner and Melakia was escorted back by two police askaris. He brooded over the injustice for a couple of days and then forgot about it. A week later he attended an advanced lesson in chemistry with every appearance of enjoyment.

But the reason why Melakia is inextricably associated in my mind

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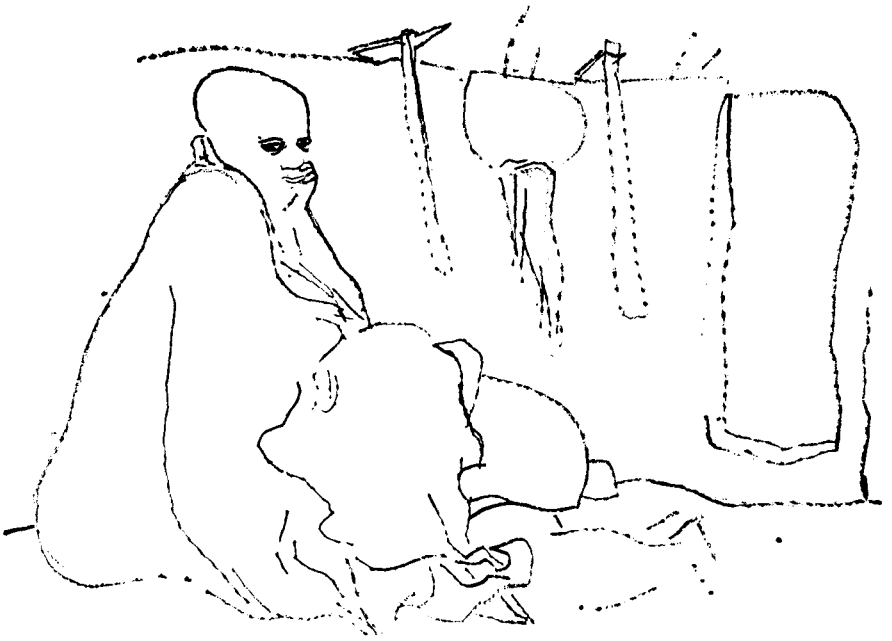

with African politics has nothing to do with his fancied relationship to the royal family. It goes back to a tea party which my friend and neighbor Chief Thomas Abraham gave for the Minister of State for the Colonies, his wife, and a splendid train of officials.

There were muffins and sandwiches and little cakes and China tea. The Minister was an intelligent, rather nervous man, apparently standard English middle class, public school and I think Oxford, but with the difference that his politics was socialist. He soon put us all at ease. His wife was one of those bright, brittle Englishwomen. The two of them chattered away, determined to show how much they were enjoying everything, watched anxiously by the personal private secretary, a career official with large melancholy eyes. You could see that the Minister's intelligence was a burden to his secretary, a possible source of questions in the House of Commons. Like all senior civil servants he knew the answers but went in dread of questions. I asked him whether he had noticed that there was a social color bar in the territory. "Oh yes," he replied unhesitatingly. "My Minister's frightfully keen on that."

Chagga food was brought and offered to the guests. The Minister tasted some boiled bananas mashed with sour cream and managed to suppress a grimace. "I say, this is jolly good, you know," he told us, and then, being an intelligent man, asked an intelligent question. "Look here," he said, "is this some special kind of food? I mean, do you use it on special occasions?"

Chief Thomas looked grave and said, "We usually give it to pregnant women." The personal private secretary stared unhappily at the Chief's harmonium, on which he sometimes played Lutheran hymns. Chief Thomas allowed the silence to continue till he was ready to deliver the *coup de grâce*. "To make them fat," he explained.

'Someone Pretty Important'

Small talk was now energetically resumed until it was time to leave. As the guests rose to go, the Chief's old grandmother was supported into the room and everyone shook hands with her. Then came two or three of the Chief's uncles and a couple of his more important cousins. As we moved toward the door Melakia suddenly appeared, taking everyone by surprise and overwhelming us with the splendid presence. He walked rapidly around the group, flashing his smile and wringing the visitors' hands warmly. The Minister bowed slightly for the first time and as we walked away from the house took the Provincial Commissioner by the arm and said something with a serious look.

The Provincial Commissioner in turn took the new District Commissioner aside. The latter shook his head and eventually the question seeped right down to me via the personal private secretary.

"Who was that fellow? My Minister is very impressed by him. Someone pretty important, I take it?"

I felt a surge of sheer happiness as if I knew for the first time what Melakia's secret was. "Yes," I replied. "Someone pretty important. Melakia."

Mwalim Joseph

Joseph, another of my African friends, had been taught in mission stations, where the blessings of religion were dispensed with the three Rs and the Athanasian Creed was put up with the malaria pills. That these blessings could be mixed ones for Africans is commonly admitted nowadays, but while Joseph was growing up the apprentice Christian was left to his perplexities. Mwalim Joseph himself, a sensitive, intelligent man, never quite managed to reconcile the values of the sect which taught him with the traditional values of his tribe. He tried to believe them all and it made him dizzy. His father was a pagan, and young Joseph learned at school that paganism was wicked. But he could see for himself that his father was not wicked at all; he knew him for a wise and gentle old man with a strong endowment of what in more sophisticated cultures would be called public spirit. He could not help but feel respect for him.

Joseph's father was rich. He had six or seven wives, he had many sons and daughters, and he was too busy or absent-minded to reckon up the number of his grandchildren. He could see that times were changing (he rather thought for the better) and that the Wazungu—the white men—possessed a remarkable power over their material environment that would be useful to acquire. So he sent his son Joseph to school to get it.

Joseph liked school. He liked the whole ceremony of blackboards and chalk and uniforms and desks, as well as the astonishing and interesting information he sucked so avidly from teachers and books. He dared not miss a word or a gesture. Here was the knowledge and the ritual that gave the Wazungu their

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power. He worked hard at it. A country called America had declared its independence; a spirit called Issa had turned into a man and been tortured to death so that he, Joseph, might be forgiven when he was sorry for doing wrong. It was extraordinary, but it was all part of the same system. Joseph passed examinations, was baptized, learned to ride a bicycle, to take the Sacrament, to wear a green Homburg hat and a silk shirt and dark glasses. At the same time he grew up as a young man of his tribe and was circumcised and put through the agonies of ritual initiation.

On graduating, Joseph decided to become a schoolmaster, and soon won the honorable title of Mwalimu, or Teacher. When I first met him we were both on the staff of a government secondary school in northern Tanganyika. He was in his late twenties. He was one of the best teachers I had ever known. His own scholarship, like that of many good teachers, was erratic, but he had a wonderful gift of stirring up pupils so that his classes were not sedate and sober exercises but intoxicating orgies of learning. His older colleagues looked sideways at him. His tribe, they pointed out irrelevantly, derived most of its wealth from prostitution. Mwalim Joseph replied that this was because the missionaries had all but suppressed polygamy and so had left no other occupation for the surplus women.

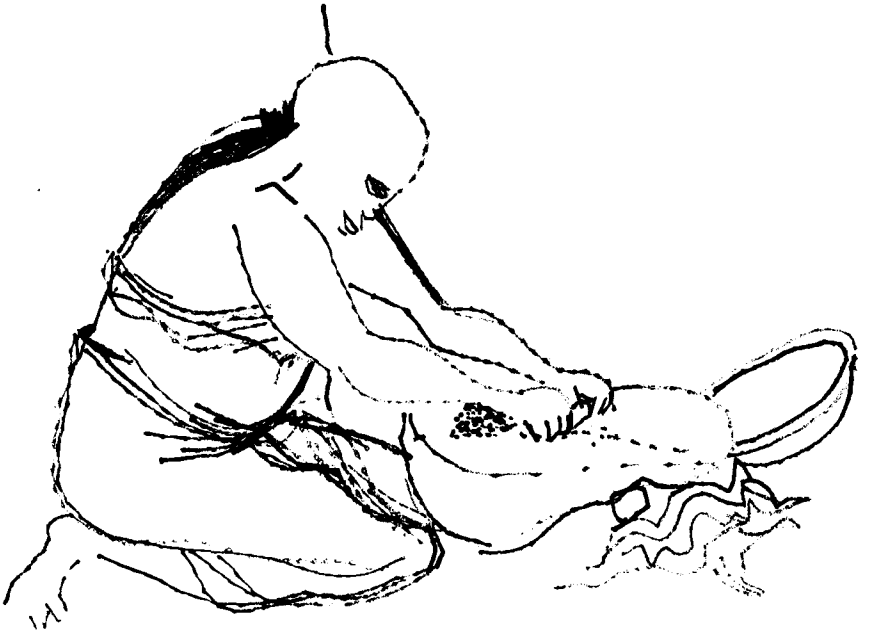
Mwalim Joseph had a quality that I can only describe as personal magnetism. This is seldom the mark of a strong and overbearing character, for we are only attracted to people who seem to need us. Joseph was not physically a striking or even a handsome person. He was small and weedy, his quite black head bulged in surprising places, his mouth was thin and meager, his complexion was dull and scaly. He wore the shortest possible shorts, which displayed to great disadvantage a pair of very bandy legs. Only his hands, which were strong and sensitive, and his fine luminous eyes revealed a personality to inspire respect and affection.

It was unfortunate that the persons who responded most enthusiastically to his charm were women. As a rule he gave them no encouragement and put on an almost ridiculous sternness, which only had the effect of throwing his admirers into delighted giggles.

A Ladies' Man

He had a pretty young wife of his own tribe in his quarters. She was an educated girl, and gave proof of her culture by walking about with a basket on her head that contained only a ball of yarn. As she walked she knitted socks from this yarn. She had improved upon western civilization, which only knows how to knit sitting. Mwalim Joseph liked intellectual women.

In time, though he paid no attention to the mountain ladies, his gaze wandered to the nursemaid who looked after the children of an English neighbor. She was even prettier than Joseph's wife, with a lovely easy laugh and a habit of showing her small pink tongue, like a cat when it feels sentimental. Mwalim Joseph doubtless talked to her about intellectual matters. She listened to the voice but not the words, her mouth slightly open, her head empty of thoughts but full of agreeable images. When the Mwalimu approached she would seize her little English charge and bury her pretty brown face in his fair curls, pretending to take no notice. She was in love.



Before long Joseph's wife obligingly returned to her husband's own country and the nursemaid moved into his quarters. There was of course a bit of a row with the wife of the English neighbor, who had to find a new nursemaid; and Mwalim Joseph's African colleagues clucked for a whole week. But the whole matter was written off as "native law and custom." Joseph explained calmly that polygamy was the habit of his tribe, and when I pointed out that he hadn't paid the customary bride price he said that times were changing. When I asked if he had renounced his religion, he said no, he had merely interpreted it according to the social practice of his tribe.

Mwalim Joseph was such a good teacher and such an engaging person that his African colleagues who advised on matters of this kind decided they had no quarrel with his private life. Besides, no one could tell whether he was behaving badly or not. What standards were to be applied? Ours was a secular school and we only understood—imperfectly at that—our own sins; we were not expert, like our fellow workers in the missions, in the sins of others.

Joseph himself was probably more puzzled than any of us. He had nothing but reason to guide him, and reason is notoriously corrupti-

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ble, especially in a man so fatally attractive to women. His affairs came to a crisis when the Chief's daughter, a handsome young kindergarten teacher, ran away from home and installed herself as No. 3 in his establishment. Now, to remove a pretty nursemaid from her duties was one thing, provoking only the rage of an English official's wife—a consequence so commonplace, since it was daily precipitated by nothing more serious than diluted milk or the cook's dirty hands, that it needed not be taken to heart. But the Chief's daughter—that was something else, something actually dangerous and full of quite obvious political difficulty.

The Chief came to me at once and said that his whole clan was out for the Mwalimu's blood. His people claimed that Joseph had bewitched the girl. In Africa not many tribesmen think it a crime to kill a witch. I told the Chief that he would be held responsible for any violence, and promised to see what I could do to persuade the girl to return.

I had a long talk with Joseph, who wept and said that I did not understand tribal custom. I said I knew enough to see that he had put himself and the school in danger. I begged him to think of the girl. What would happen when he tired of her? He said never, never, never would he tire of her. He loved her with the heart. "Gracious God, dear me! [*blowing his nose*] It is not just Europeans who fall in love!" I reminded him of his other loves. This was different, he said.

I had no more success with the girl. She too wept and said with moving simplicity that she loved Joseph. She knew about the other girls. This was different.

I HAD Mwalim Joseph transferred at once. The Chief's daughter chose to follow him, and within a few months he had replaced her. I have seldom felt such distress as I did when I said good-by to Joseph at the railway station. With that wonderful fair-mindedness which all Africans seem to be born with, he took my hand and said, "You are trying to do right, but you don't know enough about us." It might have been a judgment of the whole colonial situation.

THEATER:
Tension, Fun, and Faith

MARYA MANNES

THE SUCCESS of a comedy or drama as a work of theater is entirely dependent on that magical state called tension. And if some interpret this word in the sense of strain or anxiety, here is a more pertinent definition: "The quality in consequence of which an electric charge tends to discharge itself or to pass from a body of greater to one of less electrical potential."

Without frivolous intent, I would like to observe that in the theater this "charge" is a reliable cough remedy. When a play is in tension, people do not cough. When it isn't, they do.

People do not cough at *A Visit to a Small Planet* because they are too busy laughing. People do not cough at *The Hidden River* because they are too suspended. People do cough a great deal at *The Potting Shed* because Graham Greene's discharge is intermittent. The potential is there all right, but the circuit between his mind and ours is faulty.

It may seem arbitrary to group these three highly disparate plays merely because they are new, but there is more to it than that. Each is well above average, each is the product of intelligence, and each is revelatory less of the dramatist's intention than of the temper of this season's audience.

IT WAS apparent in Gore Vidal's television play of last year that he had hold of a fresh and delightful idea in his *Visit to a Small Planet*. A self-styled "mammal" from outer space lands from his saucer on the grounds of a TV commentator's home in Washington, to the consternation of the Pentagon and the peril of our earth. For Mr. Kreton, bored by the cool perfection in the advanced civilization of his own planet, fascinated by long study of this little old backward globe, has one consuming ambition: to see human emotions in action, to watch our primeval violence loosed in war. So, having many special powers, he proceeds to start one, to the accompaniment of numberless fooleries which Cyril Ritchard, as the visitor, and Eddie Mayehoff, as a Pentagon general, raise to almost continual hilarity.

The play is pervaded by such good humor and speeded by such inventive stage business that a number of genuine satirical pricks are gone almost before they draw blood. Almost. For although Mr. Vidal has gone nowhere near as far with his initial idea as a real social critic could, he has managed to kid, if not the pants, then the socks off a number of precious American concepts, including the Military Posture, Patriotism, Motherhood, Heroes, and Generals as Presidents. Such have been the piety and devoutness of recent years that humor directed at the White House caused a number of people to glance at each other as they laughed—nervously at that.

Mr. Vidal deserves our gratitude even if his play is in reality not

much more than a necklace of antic sketches strung on a splendid thread. He can in turn be measurelessly grateful to the Messrs. Ritchard and Mayehoff and a rising feminine star, Miss Grenadier Saadi, a Siamese cat.

Persistence of Guilt

Now for another kind of tension: the terrible tension aroused in postwar France by wartime treason, powerfully translated by Ruth and Augustus Goetz from a novel by Storm Jameson called *The Hidden River*. I understand that Charles Morgan's *River Line*, which had a very brief run here some months ago, examined the same painful shifts in judgment and the same agonizing reappraisals, but that it failed through

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overintellectualization and lack of the dramatic projection that makes *The Hidden River* a gripping play.

This is the story of a web of people living in a Loire manor house in 1950: the two Monnerie sons who own the vineyard estate; the mother of a young Resistance hero who worked with the elder Monnerie son in smuggling British airmen out of France and who was betrayed to the Gestapo in 1944 and tortured to death; a rescued English airman who visits his rescuer to track down the betrayer; a pretty Alsace war orphan engaged to the younger Monnerie; and Uncle Daniel, returning to die after five years' imprisonment as a collaborator.

The real avenger is the mother of the betrayed boy, Marie Regnier; a magnificent figure of outrage and despair, played with the incandescence of true tragedy by Lili Darvas. The chief virtue of *Hidden River* is that it manages to sustain suspense and excitement without sacrificing the complexity of the emotions involved and the attitudes taken, and that it has a cast superbly aware of all its implications.

There were no coughs at *Hidden River,* but I thought I detected more than attention in the audience: a quality of pain and reluctance at having the curtain lifted on a too-recent nightmare. In our present state we may not be ready to be disturbed, unless, as in *The Diary of Anne Frank,* the reward is a total catharsis.

Uncertain Miracle

Certainly where faith is concerned, we are even less likely to welcome disturbance. This may be one reason why Graham Greene has had, on the whole, such a cool reception in the United States. It is not because he said nasty things about us in *The Quiet American,* or is peevish at our passport requirements (he is hardly alone in this), or is too clever. It is, I think, chiefly because Greene is such a complicated Catholic and such an unhappy one. We want our religion straight, it seems: cheerful nuns, devout prizefighters, happy miracles. None of this backing and filling, none of this probing into the simple mysteries.

Well, he certainly is running true to form in *The Potting Shed.* You can't be sure whether young James Callifer really *did* hang himself and was resurrected by the prayers of a priest-uncle or whether he was in a temporary coma and just didn't quite die.

It takes three acts of discussion, a number of epigrams, a wise psychiatrist, a drunken priest, and some scenes of great power to achieve this confusion, and the only trouble is that the confusion doesn't seem very important. Nobody is really very interesting in *The Potting Shed,* although much of the writing is, for Greene has a subtle and brilliant mind, a precise and graceful way with words. But his talent for tension, so conspicuous in his novels, is only partially evident in this play. There are stretches when one is more conscious of Sybil Thorndyke's acting ability and Leueen MacGrath's tiny waist than of what they are saying, which is in any case more monologue than dialogue. Greene's characters talk to themselves and to you, but seldom to each other, and this makes for a kind of artificiality dangerous to a theme that should be profoundly real.

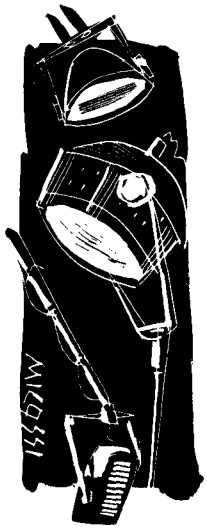
The Potting Shed should be seen for the experience of savoring a superior mind and a superior production, but I have a feeling that limiting its engagement was well advised. The prevalence of coughs is a danger signal even more decisive than reviews.

MOVIES:

Making the Best of TV

ROBERT BINGHAM

Sometimes I wonder whether TV and the movies are fighting each other to the death or making a pretty good thing out of taking in each other's wash. It is now possible to step out after supper to catch an excellent movie that began life as a television play and get home in time to mix up your hot chocolate while a Hollywood film classic starts wending its way through the commercials on your TV screen. That makes for a pretty full evening, of course, but by and large I am heartily in favor of this reciprocity. The Marx Brothers are always worth staying up late for, and an increasing number of television dramas are too good to disappear after one performance.



A case in point is "Edge of the City," which was adapted for the movies by Robert Alan Aurthur from his own TV show, "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall." John Cassavetes plays the part of a deeply disturbed young man who is trying to run away from the mess he feels he has made of his life. After finding a job as a longshoreman, he little by little permits the shell of his hostility to be broken through by a good-hearted happy-go-lucky Negro (Sidney Poitier). The fugitive's new friend, occupying the place of a beloved brother for whose death he feels responsible, tries to help him see that he doesn't have to let himself be dominated by a sadistic straw boss (Jack Warden), who represents his father, his Army sergeant, and all the other bullies he has never

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been able to cope with. When the straw boss goes after the boy with a baling hook the Negro steps in to protect him and is killed in what the other longshoremen find it expedient to call, among themselves, a "fair fight" and clam up about when questioned by the police. The old pattern seems to be repeating itself, but this time the no-good kid finally grows up. This time he doesn't run away.

'Artistic Maturity'

The picture has been widely praised, but for at least two wrong reasons, it seems to me. For one thing, it has been described as an ingenious reworking of the themes in "On the Waterfront." The similarities are obvious, but without wishing at all to detract from another excellent movie, I would go so far as to say that in many ways "Edge of the City" is a better picture. A good deal of the terror in "On the Waterfront" resided in an abstraction that the picture never came fully to grips with. The references to "Mr. Upstairs" suggested but scarcely defined the undercover arrangements between management and corrupt union leaders, and the idea that the whole mess could be cleaned up by one man's brave decision to spill the beans before a barnstorming Senate investigating committee was only kept from seeming ridiculous by the acting skill of Marlon Brando. In "Edge of the City," Cassavetes, Poitier, and Warden all give superlative performances, but what's more, the parts they play contain within themselves all the essential elements of the drama. There are no loose ends. (As a matter of fact, if the picture does have a fault it is the rather clinical patness of the fugitive's case history, complete with appropriate traumas dating right back to the five formative years.)

"Edge of the City," which was directed by Martin Ritt in an understated documentary style, has also been praised for daring to present a warm and equal social relationship between Negroes and whites. The liberal reviewers have said that this shows artistic maturity. It's perfectly true that a certain amount of capital is made of the fact that the relationship is something of a novelty, in fiction if not in reality. But it seems to me that the picture would still have been a powerful one if all the protagonists had been members of the same race. It is interesting that the man who sacrifices himself out of love for a friend has a darker skin than that friend has—but it is by no means the most important thing about him. And for my money, that really *is* artistic maturity.

Scum of the Air Waves

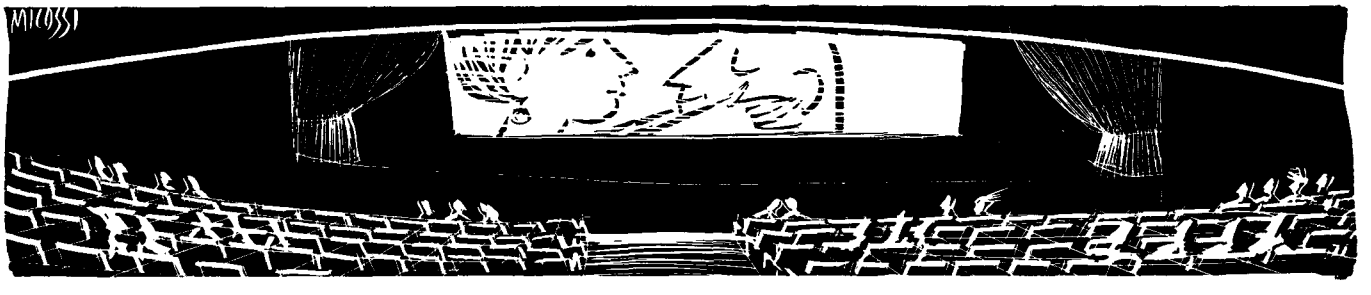
Another token of the two media's preoccupation with each other is a recent movie in which nearly everybody connected with a major radio-and-TV network is painted as the blackest of scoundrels.

"The Great Man" is a José Ferrer picture, which means that he directed it, stars in it, and did a fair share of the writing. (Al Morgan was allowed to help transpose his novel into a screen play.) As usual, Mr. Ferrer does each of his jobs extremely well, but I would single out for special commendation the director's firmness in keeping the star as much as possible in the background. For it is the virtuosity with which the minor roles are handled that makes this picture worth seeing.

Mr. Ferrer plays the part of a reporter who sets out to gather material for a memorial broadcast shortly after the death of an idol of the air waves—while the sponsors are still warm, as it were. I have heard rumors that the departed was modeled on a renowned M.C. who is actually still among the living. Be that as it may, the reporter is dismayed to discover as he digs into the past that the Great Man was not nearly so folksy and wholesome as his audience thought he was—and as if that weren't bad enough, that the network authorities knew it all along and kept it to themselves. (Could such a thing really happen? Let us fervently hope not.) At the end, the noble reporter determines to tell a waiting world the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—and that's when the picture becomes just plain silly.

FORTUNATELY, integrity is not allowed to get seriously in the way until the last few minutes of the film, and the rest of it is delightful farce. Dean Jagger manages to convey the suave ruthlessness of a communications monarch whose tweedy habiliments and disdainful acceptance of the jargon employed by his inferiors would do credit to a Harvard housemaster. Keenan Wynn alternates between unctuousness and arrogance as an independent entrepreneur who traffics in personalities as if they were so many used cars. Just to keep young Wynn in his place, his father shows what an old trouper can do with a few minutes of an audience's attention. In one short scene Ed Wynn makes a ludicrous small-town businessman into the most sympathetic character in the whole show. The night I saw it people actually applauded at his exit.

The weakest link in the dramatic chain is the part of the Great Man's castoff mistress. Julie London is an agreeably lissome embodiment of all the clichés about boozy broads who gave their youth and innocence for coin that was not true, but it's clear that few if any worthwhile improvements have been made on the fallen woman since Elizabethan days.



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She Sprang From an Old Family Tree

NORA MAGID

HIS MONKEY WIFE, by John Collier. *Doubleday. $3.75.*

Many a fictional heroine has contrived to make something of a monkey of her creator, but John Collier has made a heroine of a monkey. Vivacious, charmingly lacking in sophistication, idealistic without the taint of smugness, Emily, like the Houyhnhnms, is everything that people so frequently are not.

Initially the property of an anthropologist who has traded her in for a more portable possession, a pair of antlers, Emily belongs when the story begins to Albert Fatigay, a sober but pompous young teacher at an English school in the Upper Congo. It is Mr. Fatigay's mission to introduce British light and literacy to the natives. Puttering around his classroom, Emily manages to pick up the alphabet unperceived. Tumbled like Lamb's Bridget into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition—because no one suspects her capacity—she browses at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. "The world that lay before her was irradiated by Tennyson and Bernard Shaw, by Georgian poetry and Michael Arlen, and, worse than all combined, by love."

Exposed thus to the notion of romance, Emily lends herself as a willing convert to literary suggestion. She becomes enamored of the logical target for her affection, Mr. Fatigay; she learns to pine and to yearn, but she has "yet to learn that it is not through suffering herself, for this conveys but a very bourgeois sort of disinction, but through being the cause of it in others, that a woman becomes fatal . . . to man."

WHEN Fatigay decides to return to his native heath, tired of having been so long a bachelor, Emily is ripe for misunderstanding and swoons in his lap. He undertakes to train her for English life; he teaches her to proffer tea and cakes, and to drop a curtsy, and dipping further into her homiletic handbooks, she concludes that it can signify only that she is to be presented at court—"an idea which she would have laughingly dismissed as presumptuous to the point of absurdity, but for a sentence which she read at about that time which said, 'In England the Primate takes precedence of all but Royal Dukes.'" From her researches, she gathers also that in England status is determined by descent from ancient stock of no matter how barbaric a nature; she assumes therefore with some valid reason that she is to appear in the society pages as one of the year's brides. Although sadly lacking in material goods, she feels she will not arrive at the altar entirely without dowry, for she will bring with her "the treasure of a well-stocked mind, . . . which, all the books said, was infinitely to be preferred" to gold.

Poor naïve Emily! Dumped in all her pristine book-learned innocence into worldly London society, she discovers that she is to be presented not to the king but to Amy, Mr. Fatigay's intended. Through terrible tribulation as a serving maid, she remains splendidly indomitable, if sometimes in tears amid the alien corn. Encasing herself in an elderly pair of gym bloomers, a shabby gown, and a sunbonnet with which to shade her face, she climbs over the wall "with a confidence born of her arboreal youth," and embarks on cultural expeditions. She visits Mme. Tussaud's ("since my life is to be a tragedy, I will see to it that it does not descend into mawkishness through a deficiency of intellectual content"). She frequents the British Museum, where she reads Darwin ("for she was a great believer in beginning at the beginning"). She goes to the zoo to visit her friends and relations.

THROUGH a series of complex circumstances, Emily is finally able at the time of the wedding to change places with the bride, who has elected to have a monkey bridesmaid in order to ensure her appearance in the gossip columns. While Amy throws a fit, Emily triumphantly gets herself properly married off to Mr. Fatigay. When the veil is lifted and he cries out that he has been wed to a chimpanzee, the minister, versed in evolution, answers smoothly that he is broadminded; further, his church, being also very liberal, can have no objection to the marriage of cousins. But Emily's road to happiness is cluttered with obstacles still, and she must pass many a harrowing test before Fatigay, down and out and desperate through drink and evil companions, is willing to abandon his foolish first fixation and settle for her.

Eventually she relinquishes her successful career as a fan dancer, and together they return to the Congo to make a new life. Fatigay has discovered that "It is true my wife is not a woman. She is an angel . . . . a chimp . . . . the very word was like a bell." The same monkeys who lined the river route when they left—looking their last on this Helen of the jungle, without whom Darkest Africa would be the Darker—line it again to toss their rustic bouquets of welcome. In the jungle, far from the wickedness of the corrupting city, the fairy princess and her prince can live happily ever after.

IN THIS exceptionally funny and clever novel, reissued after twenty-six years, Collier has taken a good many adept sideswipes both at things as they are and as they appear in books. The story is related from Emily's point of view, and her language, ornate and lyrical and heavily larded with luscious nineteenth-century poetry, is a delight. Her winsome and dainty virtuousness alleviates the savagery implicit in the attack on human folly, and in the satirization of such manifold sources as the Noble Savage concept; the didactic novels of Richardson; the improbable Cinderella story, carried to its ultimate; and the wedding-cake gumminess of Victorian romance.

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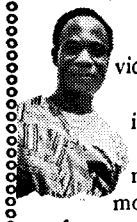

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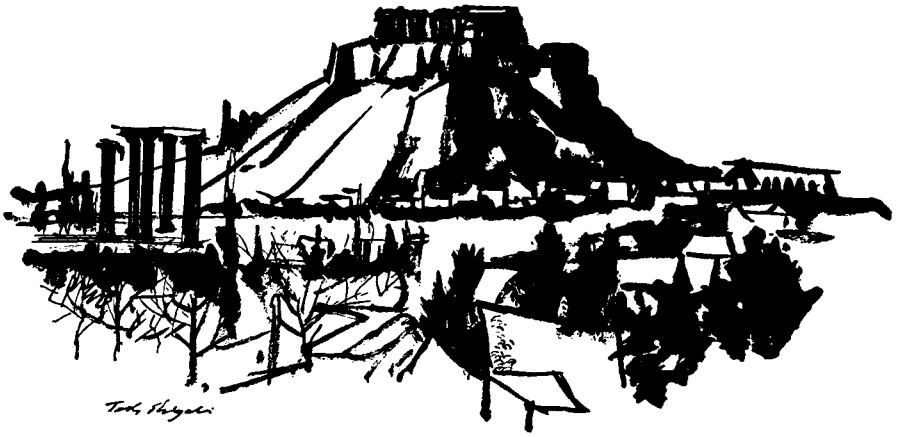

The Athenians In Decline

RALPH RUSSELL

THE ECHO OF GREECE, by Edith Hamilton. *Norton. $3.95.*

For every generation, the ancient Greeks are apt, if their promoters don't watch out, to become as tedious as any other ancestors to whom we owe much and whose virtues are endlessly dinned into us. This is especially true in our generation, when most people cannot read Greek and have to rely on translators and interpreters. We have been told so often that the Greeks have shaped our minds, shown us the way to civilization, and left us a legacy of wisdom, beauty, harmony, wholeness, or what-have-you that we can hardly be blamed for yawning at the matchless philosopher-artist-athlete, cheerfully subsisting on oatmeal and olives, blessed with unerring taste and rippling muscles, who can one moment heave a discus over the Acropolis and the next sit down for a searching chat about the nature of justice.

Nostalgia for the good old days drove Miniver Cheevy to drink, and if we take any interest in the Greeks, it is undoubtedly healthy to remember that in many ways their civilization was as flashy, flighty, and neurasthenic as our own. Athens in its best days was a slum huddling beneath the Parthenon; the Parthenon itself was smeared with color and cluttered, like an antique shop, with bric-a-brac; and the people, to judge from their obsession with the Almighty Drachma and their predilection for tales of patricide and matricide, must have been prey to tensions, anxieties, and pressures every bit as insidious as those which beset us.

Still, even taken down a peg or two, the Greeks loom as provocatively as ever—perhaps because, against the neutral, impersonal background of the despotisms that surrounded them, they appear to have brought humanity out into the open. They brought so much, indeed, into the open that out of the available materials pretty nearly anyone can construct his own Greece. As W. H. Auden has pointed out, there is a German Greece, a French Greece, and a British Greece, all perhaps equally valid and equally fragmentary. He adds that there may even be an American Greece, though he isn't so sure of it.

Admiration in the Ruins

One of the most appealing of Greeces is Edith Hamilton's Greece, triumphantly mapped and populated in *The Greek Way*, which has sold hundreds of thousands of copies and deserves to sell as many more. In the present book, Miss Hamilton's tone is less triumphant, for she is concerned mostly with the fourth century B.C.—the century in which Athens, having lost its twenty-seven-

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year war against Sparta, declined into a fourth- or fifth-rate power. Part of Miss Hamilton's task is, of course, to explain this decline, but her heart doesn't seem to be in it; she chides the Athenians for becoming more interested in what their government can give them than in what they can give their government—for demanding pay on jury duty and fretting over the price of sausages—and she quotes Plato, explaining why he forsook the Assembly for the Academy, to the effect that "customs were being corrupted at an astounding rate" and that "the whirlpool of public life" only made him dizzy. But though this book contains some scattered and reluctant stabs at the Greeks of the decadence, it is not so much a study of the debacle as a collection of essays on what the author finds to admire in the ruins.

She finds much to admire, for even in their decline the Greeks were a formidable lot. She writes of Plato and Aristotle, and although she is inclined to romanticize the former, particularly in her description of their meeting in the Academy ("no doubt Aristotle felt shy in that very superior gathering and was glad to be undistinguished"), she is fair enough to the less imaginative philosopher.

She is similarly fair to Isocrates, who was Plato's chief rival as the educator of fourth-century Athens and whom Plato denounced as a mercenary, since he accepted tuition fees. Indeed, in one of the most valuable, because least familiar, sections of the book, she recounts with warmth the career of Isocrates—how he stood bravely for a united Greece, preached a crusade for freedom against the Persians, came to realize the futility of all wars (even crusades for freedom), and reached the conclusion that a democracy cannot become rich and powerful and endure as a democracy.

Advice from Plutarch

Miss Hamilton warns us, early in the book, that the kind of events that took place in fourth-century Greece may take place again. In her chapter on Demosthenes she points out that in their best days the Greeks knew that "bigger" and "better" seldom go together. There

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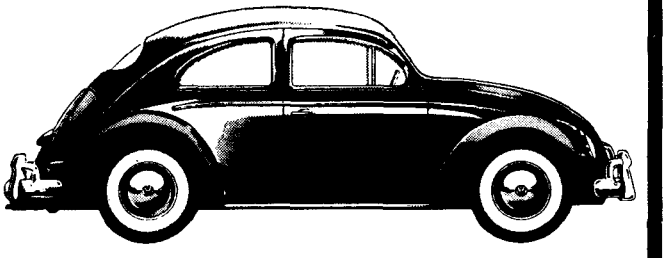

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are also essays on Alexander the Great and the surrender to Asian ways that went with his conquests.

Leaving the fourth century, she writes sympathetically of the Stoics and of Plutarch. The Stoics she exalts for bringing to a pitch the Greek tradition of self-mastery and for their talent for moderation (with all his austerity, Zeno, the founder of the school, was not above owning up to a fondness for beans soaked in wine), and Plutarch she portrays with delicacy and devotion, convincing us that he, who in a favorable era would have been a great public man, furnished an eternal pattern for public-spirited men living at a great distance from the center of political power. "You will have no wars to wage, no tyrants to put down, no alliances to consolidate," Plutarch wrote to a young Greek; but he went on to advise his friend to do what he could—"abolish some petty abuse, fight some bad custom, revive some charitable foundation, repair an aqueduct, rebuild a temple, adjust a local tax."

In a wistful epilogue to a wistful book, Miss Hamilton takes up the curious speculation as to what history might have been if the Christian church had followed not the Roman way, with its emphasis on organization and discipline, but the Greek way, with its emphasis on independence and self-mastery. If the Greek way had been followed, she says, "The cruelties practiced in his [Christ's] name might not—almost surely would not—have defaced the religion of love," and there she leaves us.

There is a great deal left out of this book—and of *The Greek Way* (the two should be read together)—and even the Sunday-afternoon student of Greece will want other books as a corrective (the writer can recommend, as a starter, the section on Greece in Herbert Muller's *The Uses of the Past* and H. D. F. Kitto's Pelican book *The Greeks*), but certainly Miss Hamilton's Greece, perceptively and tenderly drawn, is one we can profitably start with. It is a Greece, primarily, in which the great actors speak their parts on a distant and austere stage, but those parts will live as long as men examine themselves and their destiny.

Berlin Society Before the Wars

HORTENSE CALISHER

A Legacy, by Sybille Bedford. *Simon and Schuster. $3.50.*

These days, in the face of the novel's protean forms and laissez-faire habits, only the impudent or the unsophisticated dare raise the raw question, when a book is presented as a novel, of whether it is one. But if we can no longer ask that a novel take a particular form, or hew to a single one, we may still keep one weathered old stipulation—that it move with a continuous and imaginative sense of life. Anything goes in the novel if that goes. Here, in this brilliantly odd, at times oddly tedious chronicle of the merger of two impressively baroque families in pre-First World War Berlin, everything goes remarkably, except that.

"I spent the first nine years of my life in Germany," the book begins, "bundled to and fro between two houses." There follows a wonderfully plummy description of the inhabitants of one of these—the Merzes, parents of the narrator's father's first wife, who still give their son-in-law an income and his second family a home—very rich upper-bourgeois Jews whose eccentrically stertorous mode of life, so gleefully recognizable to anyone who has ever met it, demands the wittiest reportage, and gets it:

"While members of their . . . world were dining to the sounds of Schubert and of Haydn, endowing research and adding Corots to their Bouchers . . . the Merzes were adding bell-pulls and thickening the upholstery. No music was heard at Voss Strasse. . . . They took no exercise . . . kept no animals . . . and there was a discreet mouse-trap set in every room. . . . Grandmama Merz had never taken a bath without the presence and assistance of her maid. They did not go to shops. . . . In his younger days Grandpapa Merz had gone to board meetings; now he still received . . . an individual who presented himself with a satchelful . . . of bank notes and gold . . . handed to the butler Gottlieb who paid the wages . . . Money, like animals, was not hygienic, and no one was supposed to handle *used* notes . . . everybody was paid straight off the press. The subsequent problem of change was not envisaged."

We settle down happily to what begins to be a first-rate memoir, semi-autobiography or who-cares-what—something reminiscent of Osbert Sitwell's chronicles, written by a mind more temperately endowed perhaps, and more interested in other people's *longueurs* than its own, but similarly a book in which the interest is in the "painterly" detail of a milieu so insolently rococo that one would never think of carping because the people blend too well with their own *chinoiseries,* or stand too marvelously still.

In the second chapter we meet the paternal side, the Feldens: "The language spoken in his family was French, the temper and setting of their lives retarded eighteenth century; their seat had always been in a warm corner of Baden . . . their home was Catholic Western Continental Europe. . . . They ignored,

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despised and later dreaded, Prussia . . ." We find ourselves happily in an eighteenth century vignette, a sequestered landscape full of originals. We might almost be in Isak Dinesen country, a little flatter, perhaps, without the allegorical doubling of the Dinesen imagination.

Then, with the account of Johannes, the gentle Felden son who is forcibly sent to Benzheim, a Prussian cadet institution where boys were reared "in a formative atmosphere of organized hunger, brutality and spiritual deprivation," the story begins. The tale of his running away, pilgrimage home, reincarceration because of political intrigue, and of his subsequent madness, is a moving one, and with it the book moves beyond its first air of accomplished pastiche; we are to have a novel after all.

Much later, Johannes reappears; the almost forgotten politically expedient arrangement by which he had been kept hibernating for thirty years, although mad, as a commissioned officer in the army explodes at last into the great Felden Scandal with which the book ends. He is the "legacy." But with that early account of his youth, any sustained novelistic impulse seems to have ended.

Variations on an Open String

Once we take up the story of Julius, the dilettante Felden brother, of his marriages, first to a Merz daughter, second to Caroline Trafford, the narrator's English mother, we are awash in a highly complex story told in jerks and patches, emerging with bewildering virtuosity in any number of styles, each of them done well. Mrs. Bedford can write with a historian's expertise and a journalist's objectivity, with an interior decorator's antic extravagance or the fat detail of a duchess compiling a cookbook, and at times with impressionistic softness—although the courtship scenes, which the blurb calls "Renoir paintings come alive," are rather more like Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe* in which almost everyone is fully clothed. Meanwhile the dialogue takes to an elision resembling the Ivy Compton-Burnett manner without the meat, for where the powerful elisions of Compton-Burnett are the reductions of a mind

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packed deep with the mordant lore of human mistakes, Mrs. Bedford's are skitteringly thin.

One ends by wishing that she would either blend her styles or choose one of them. For her people become lost in variations akin now more to tapestry than to painting. Julius, who is reported a bore, remains one. Caroline is everything—beautiful, aristocratic, wild, true, and gallant too, according to the highest standard open to an English heroine ("Caroline is an English gentleman")—and she remains in that limbo reserved for characters who are everything. Both Julius and Caroline have been immobilized by the writer's mercurial objectivity. At times it seems that she is the only person in the book who isn't standing still.

MRS. BEDFORD is a writer of such obvious parts, of so many entertaining and intelligent ones, that it seems churlish to remark either that there are almost too many of them here for a satisfying whole or that the most interesting one by far is the veiled personality of the writer herself. However, in fiction one ought never to be given time or scope enough to ask the intrusive lethal question "Is this partly true?," and one asks it often here.

But one remembers, also, in how many different ways a novel can succeed or fail. American novels, when they do not succeed, tend to go invertebrate. The English recede, with more taste, to the skeleton. If this novel has an insistent nonfictional rattle at the back of it, it is the rattle of some very elegantly manipulated bones.

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Some of Them Were Young and Happy

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN, by Henriette Roosenburg. *Viking. $3.50.*

Perhaps not since the days of Peter the Hermit and the People's Crusade have such strange and diverse folk been present in such numbers in the territory of another country as in Germany in the spring and early summer of 1945. There were the slave laborers, the newly freed P.W.s and political prisoners, the numerous foreigners who had found their way into the Wehrmacht, and, of course, the Russian, British, Canadian, French, and U.S. Armies.

As though to compensate for all the man-made destruction, there was never a spring like that one. For days on end the sun was soft and warm; the sky was cloudless blue; the fields which by some magic of survival had been sown amid the thunder of collapse turned from brown to pastel and then to deeper green. The towns still stank of destruction, but the countryside had the rich aroma of reviving life.

IT WAS fortunate that nature was so benign—or perhaps only that the war ended in the spring and not the winter—for tens of thousands of the involuntary residents of the Reich promptly put their freedom to use by going home. The Autobahnen and every main road had two lines, one going north or east and one going west or south. In addition many rode or flew, but by far the most dramatic migration was of those who had no claim on transport or who couldn't wait. They put their possessions in a baby carriage or a rucksack and started home on foot.

This migration is the backdrop for Miss Roosenburg's book. Different people saw the war from different places and have told about it as they knew it—from Ike at SHAEF on down. Miss Roosenburg saw it as a member of this thin column of walkers that stretched to the horizon.

It was supposed by all who saw these lines that the people were heavily freighted with sorrow, deprivation, and the other burdens of life. This was certainly not true of the author. Still in her twenties, she had been a member of the Dutch Resistance. At the end of the war, with two other Dutch girls of her own generation, she was under sentence of death in a prison at Waldheim near the Czech border. They had been under sentence for many months, but because of some unexplained inefficiency the Nazis had never carried it out.

Suddenly and miraculously they were free. There was an infinity of perils between themselves and their homeland—a ravaged countryside in which food would be hard to find, a myriad of Russian soldiers in an exceedingly frolicsome mood, and the danger of long detention in the D.P. camps that were being organized for people precisely in their situation. The three girls acquired first one and then a second Dutch lad as companions; managed to tame the Russian animal spirit without succumbing to a fate that—having faced a genuine rather than a hypothetical choice—they had some difficulty in regarding as worse than death; foraged for food with consummate skill and success; at one point floated luxuriously along the Elbe for several days in a rowboat; and eventually arrived in Holland. To tell more would be to spoil a skillfully told story.

IT IS probably wrong to look for serious historical purpose in a book like this, but I hazard that there is a little. Eventually some worthy scholar will write a history of the great sorting out of populations in 1945. Miss Roosenburg's book will remind him that not to all of these pilgrims was it a time of terrible pain and tragedy. In some cases the human spirit responded to deliverance with rare gaiety.

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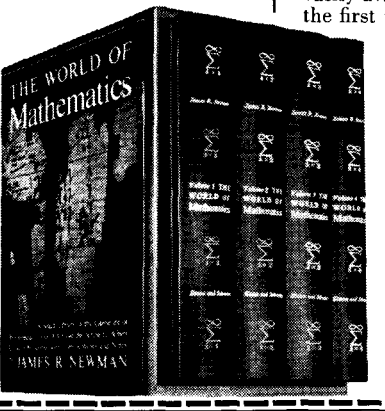

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